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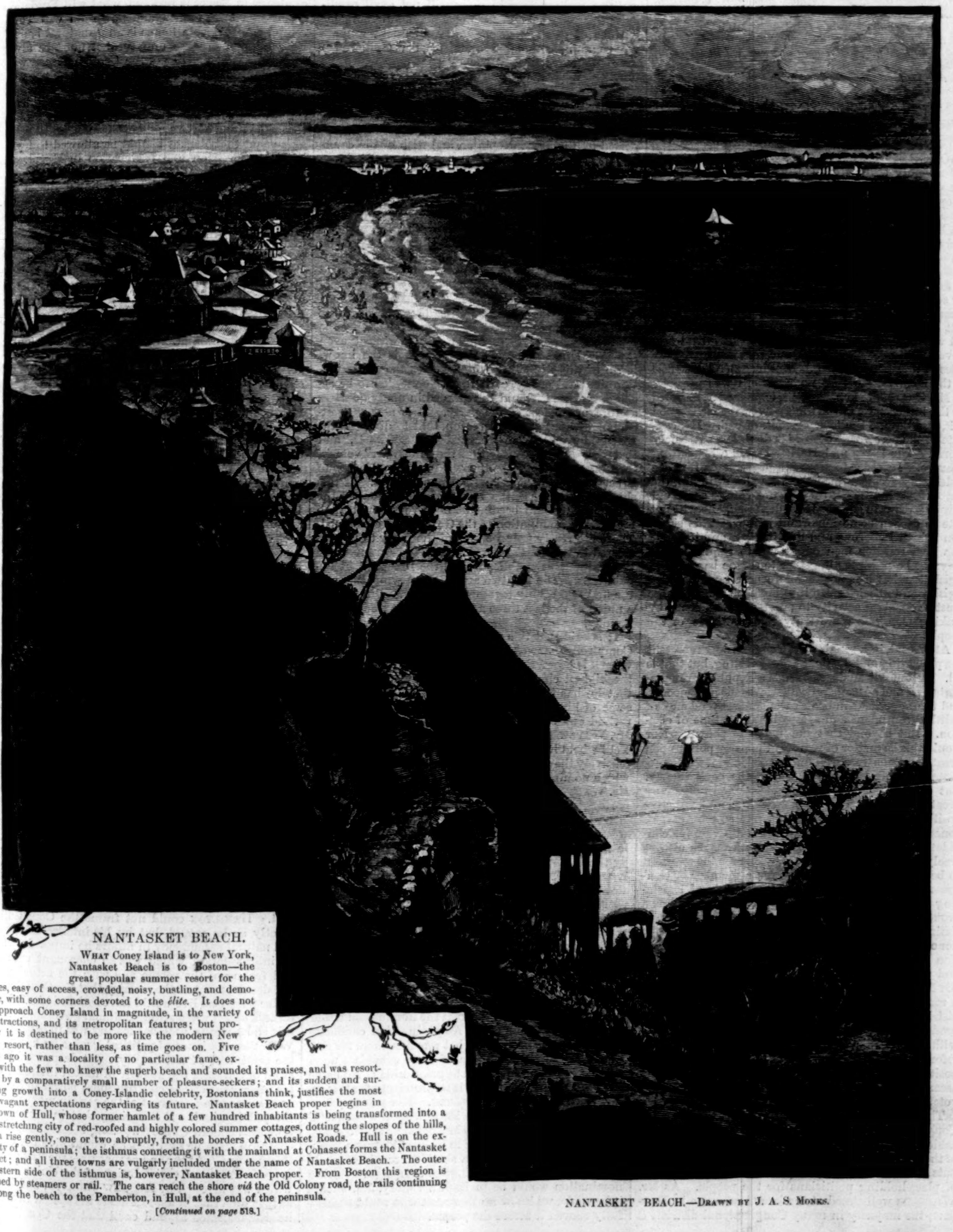


NANTASKET BEACH.—Drawn by J. A. S. Monks.

NANTASKET BEACH.

What Coney Island is to New York, Nantasket Beach is to Boston—the great popular summer resort for the masses, easy of access, crowded, noisy, bustling, and democratic, with some corners devoted to the *élite*. It does not yet approach Coney Island in magnitude, in the variety of its attractions, and its metropolitan features; but probably it is destined to be more like the modern New York resort, rather than less, as time goes on. Five years ago it was a locality of no particular fame, except with the few who knew the superb beach and sounded its praises, and was resorted to by a comparatively small number of pleasure-seekers; and its sudden and surprising growth into a Coney-Islandic celebrity, Bostonians think, justifies the most extravagant expectations regarding its future. Nantasket Beach proper begins in the town of Hull, whose former hamlet of a few hundred inhabitants is being transformed into a wide-stretching city of red-roofed and highly colored summer cottages, dotting the slopes of the hills, which rise gently, one or two abruptly, from the borders of Nantasket Roads. Hull is on the extremity of a peninsula; the isthmus connecting it with the mainland at Cohasset forms the Nantasket district; and all three towns are vulgarly included under the name of Nantasket Beach. The outer or eastern side of the isthmus is, however, Nantasket Beach proper. From Boston this region is attained by steamers or rail. The cars reach the shore *vià* the Old Colony road, the rails continuing all along the beach to the Pemberton, in Hull, at the end of the peninsula.

[*Continued on page* 518.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 19, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 146, published August 15, contains the opening chapter of a new serial story by W. L. Alden, *entitled "The Cruise of the Canoe Club," illustrated by* W. A. Rogers.

"Mr. Stubbs's Brother" is concluded in this number; there is an admirable short story by Edward I. Stevenson, *entitled "Leo"; and one by* Wade Whipple, *entitled "Jube's Watermelon," with a full-page illustration. "Mr. Thompson and the Crows," by* Allan Forman, *is a bright sketch, describing another one of that curious old gentleman's adventures while in the land of dreams.*

Mrs. John Lillie *contributes another article in the musical series, entitled "Gluck," with an illustration by* W. P. Snyder. *A short sketch entitled "Hurrah! Four Kings!" is accompanied by a picture containing portraits of the* Emperor William *and the three lineal heirs to the German crown. "Something about Lightning" is an interesting article upon electricity and its mysterious attributes.*

Besides the illustrations accompanied by text, there is a beautiful full-page engraving of babyhood, entitled "Where Did You Come From?" and a couple of irresistible comics on the sixteenth page.

THE END OF THE SESSION.

CONGRESS has adjourned, and the long session is severely scanned and criticised. There is but one way of perceiving immediately the drift of public opinion, and that is to read the newspapers. Congress, indeed, is the official representative of the people, but the popular protest often shows how grievously the public sentiment and purpose are misrepresented by Congress. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of the River and Harbor Bill. There is no doubt that the bill was generally condemned, and for sound reasons, and that the President, not Congress, was the true representative of the country upon that question. There is equally no doubt that the bill was a great combination of jobs skillfully interwoven with necessary works, and that it received the votes of many honest members at last merely because of their conviction that no better bill was possible. As Mr. Crapo, of Massachusetts, expressed it, he voted for the bill because of the ninety-five per cent. of good in it, and despite the five per cent. of bad. His estimate of the percentage of good is doubtless extremely liberal. The River and Harbor Bill is a log-rolling measure. In order to secure improvements that are undeniably necessary, members vote for swindles, the reasoning being that if they do not vote to scoop out a trout stream in somebody's "deestrick," he will not vote to deepen some important harbor. This situation is both ludicrous and humiliating, and it is one in which sensible men ought not to acquiesce. It may not be possible altogether to escape bargains in legislation, but it is not therefore necessary to suffer legislation to be degraded into mere trading. There must be constant activity to prevent this tendency by making Congress more truly representative of the people.

At present, in a rough way, Congress does represent the prevailing and dominant party feeling, but that is all. A Republican district sends a Republican Representative, and a Democratic district sends a Democrat, and the aggregate indicates the general tendency of political sentiment and sympathy at the time of election. But beyond that not much is shown. Nor would this be matter of regret if the party policy upon great questions were well understood, and if the Representative were the true choice of the constituency. But this is not necessarily the case. Upon many great questions the parties have taken no distinctive position, while elections are not free so long as patronage largely controls them. Parties vote for candidates, but the candidates are by no means always freely selected. Now it is impossible for the selection to be free, and it is impossible for a member of Congress to discharge his constitutional duty of legislating intelligently so long as his time is occupied as a broker of place for his constituents. There is a preliminary bargain or understanding that this shall be done which controls the nomination, and the completion of the bargain interferes both with intelligent and with honest legislation. Many of the votes for the River and Harbor Bill were cast simply to secure a renomination by apparent zeal for the welfare of a district, and such votes, supplemented by patronage, produce the misrepresentation which must be steadily withstood. This is the practical action which the reform movement proposes to take this year. The position of candidates for Congress will be definitely ascertained and made known to the voters, and every voter will act accordingly.

There can be no more essential object than to make Congress a really representative body, and this can be achieved by nothing more surely than by the election of those who are resolved to destroy the system which puts up nominations at auction, and substitutes rings of place-holding politicians for the people. As Mr. Wheeler well stated at the late Conference in Newport, the majority in many Congressional districts is very small, and a comparatively small number of votes will defeat an objectionable candidate. If an organization of the friends of reform should be effected in such districts, and the candidates should be interrogated, and their answers generally circulated in the district, with the comments of the organization, the result would be the presence in Congress of a body of Representatives who are in earnest for reform. In that way only can it be put into law. Until then the executive department will say that there is no constitutional evidence of a real and general desire for reform. This is substantially the ground that was taken by the President in his Message. He said—and he undoubtedly meant fully what he said—that if Congress should indicate a method of reform, he would enforce it. Public opinion must be manifested in this way, and it is quite strong enough in many districts for such a manifestation, if a little care be taken to provide the necessary conditions. Platitudes, generalities, and evasions in reply will not avail candidates this year, but antecedents and general character will be of great service. Party nomination alone will be no indication of a candidate's real position, because neither party, as such, has demonstrated its practical fidelity to reform. Everything is auspicious for a practical endeavor to make Congress more truly representative of the country, and nothing proves the necessity of such an endeavor more than the fact that the irrefutable veto of the President, supported by the evident opinion and wish of the country, was unable to prevent the passage of the River and Harbor Bill.

WHO SHALL BE GOVERNOR?

SINCE the meeting of the New York Republican Committee, the renomination of Governor Cornell has not been regarded as certain. As we have already pointed out, it is a nomination which arouses no enthusiasm, and against which very strong opposition is arrayed. Yet it was thought to be almost assured; and the change in the prospect since the meeting of the committee is due to the fact that the feud between the Arthur and Cornell wings is even sharper than had been supposed. It is the knowledge of this ill-feeling which makes the renomination doubtful policy, even if it be conceded to be assured, because it would be regarded in many quarters as foregone defeat of the party. It is now suggested, not without apparent reason, that leading "Half-Breeds" have been "approached" by "Stalwarts," and that it is not impossible that the "Stalwart" vote in the Convention may be thrown for a candidate who is acceptable to the Garfield Republicans. If this should be the case, the result of the action of the Convention would become at once very doubtful so far as the renomination of the Governor is concerned. There are really four sections of the party to be considered in the matter, the Cornell, the Arthur, and the Garfield Republicans, and the Independent Republicans. The last two are in close sympathy, and the first two belong together naturally. But plainly a union of the last three against the first would carry the day.

It is said that this union could be made upon ex-Comptroller James W. Wadsworth. Mr. Wadsworth is now a Representative in Congress, a man of the highest character and standing, who has proved that he has the courage of his convictions. While some of his associates were virtually bribed and terrorized and silenced by the late Conkling machine, Mr. Wadsworth was quietly steadfast and unmoved. Yet he held his position no less courteously and inoffensively than firmly, so that the Convention of 1879, which nominated Mr. Cornell for Governor, selected Mr. Wadsworth for Comptroller as the most acceptable to the machine of the anti-machine men, and he was elected by a most flattering vote. Should Mr. Wadsworth be supported by the Administration Stalwarts in the Convention, he would certainly not be opposed by the Garfield Republicans and the Independent Republicans. Stalwart support would not be understood to mean that Mr. Wadsworth has changed his position, but that he is a more generally acceptable candidate than Governor Cornell to some of the Governor's late allies.

There is no doubt that an Administration candidate, as such, would be beaten. But if the apathy of three of the four sections that we have mentioned would produce that result, why would not a similar union, as we have intimated, defeat the Governor? If this be the situation, it appears that the nomination either of the Governor or of an Administration candidate would imperil success. What remains, then, for sensible men but the selection of some candidate upon whom general union would be practicable? No name has been mentioned which is so promising for this result as that of Mr. Wadsworth. His private character, his public career, his identification with liberal and progressive politics, his independence and courage and good sense, would give to his candidature a freshness, an enthusiasm, and a significance which would prevent a dull and meaningless campaign. Such a nomination would be in itself a victory, and should it be made, we know no Democrat who could successfully contest it before the people.

THE CLOUD IN THE EAST.

THE cloud in the East is still perfectly dark. England required that Turkey should denounce Arabi Pasha as a rebel, and Turkey, after demurring that England had no right to make such a demand, has at length complied. England declares that she is in arms not against Egypt, but only to restore and uphold the authority of the Khedive, and to protect the Suez Canal, while Turkey responds that as suzerain she will restore and maintain order, and that until she fails other powers need not interfere. Meanwhile France announces that at last she prefers gain to glory, and will not take part in hostilities, which is not the least extraordinary aspect of the situation.

But the feeling which now dominates the situation is English distrust of Turkey, and English distrust, also, of Egyptian friends. With great effort Turkey was dislodged from Egypt, and if now Turkish ascendency in Egypt is restored, what will England or civilization have gained, and how soon will Turkey retire? A Turkish alliance is an unnatural bond for England, and because unnatural it must be always suspicious. The advice of the London *Times*, which is, substantially, that England should take possession of Egypt, is not altogether unwise if it be the alternative of a Turkish alliance. But Europe will hardly smile upon such an enterprise, and that is probably the explanation of the Russian, German, and Austrian agreement that Turkey should be allowed to try her hand at repression and pacification in Egypt. Logically this proposal is difficult for England, because it is substantially its original policy. But it may plead that actual events have changed the situation.

The possibility of what is called a "holy war," or a summoning of all Mohammedans to the standard of the Prophet as against the infidels, naturally disturbs British India. The consequences in that country of the proclamation of a war of races and religions are not pleasant to contemplate. But it is the last resort of the Sultan, to which he will only very reluctantly turn. Such a war, if seriously undertaken, would obliterate European Turkey, and gratify the long-cherished ambition of its detested Russian foe. It does not seem to us a probable contingency. A general Eastern war of the kind can not really be desired by Europe, and a settlement of the threatening situation by negotiation is certainly not impossible. But the humanity of England, the humanity to which Mr. Gladstone effectively appealed against the Bulgarian atrocities, should protest against the crushing oppression of Egypt by taxation to pay the debt contracted by the late Khedive. The sentiment upon which Arabi Pasha relies is the sympathy naturally and justly felt for the unfortunate Egyptian fellahin. It is a crime for civilized bankers to lend vast sums of money to a semi-civilized potentate like the Khedive of Egypt upon terms which can be satisfied only by an extortion in the form of taxes which is practically intolerable. Evidently England is to be left more and more isolated in dealing with the question, and if she would retain the sympathy and approval of Christendom, her policy must be something more than regard for the Egyptian bondholders.

THE DAY AT MARSHFIELD.

IT is reported that the President will be a guest at the memorial celebration at Marshfield, the home of Webster. Governor Long will preside at the dinner, and there will be undoubtedly eloquent speaking. The day has passed for special pleas for Webster, like the remarkable Dartmouth oration of Rufus Choate. His relation to the great debate which immediately preceded the war is clearly defined, and it can not be changed. But it is none the less true that the war itself was but the vindication of that theory of the Constitution of which Webster was the great expounder and defender, and his arguments will remain among the foremost of masterly political statements.

The only peer of Webster among American statesmen is Alexander Hamilton, and the association of the two men in our political history is very significant. Hamilton could not frame the Constitution exactly as he would, but by his intellectual power and natural ascendency in affairs he imposed upon it an interpretation which was so consonant with the real feeling of the people and with the actual political development of the country that the Constitution under which we live would have satisfied him. Hamilton's object was a strong national government. To this end a strong national feeling was indispensable. With the prescience of political genius he knew that the sentiment of nationality must deepen with the lapse of time and the growth of united interests, and his interpretations of constitutional power in his early reports were a forecast of the certain movement of the public mind. It is curious that in a conversation with Josiah Quincy not long before Hamilton's death, in 1804, he said that he would give the Union thirty years. At the end of that time the first serious movement toward a dissolution of the Union began, which was arrested by Andrew Jackson, and it was at that time that Webster made the speech in which he demonstrated beyond cavil that the Constitution had substantially created Hamilton's strong national government. More than any other two men, Hamilton and Webster, in this sense, made the Constitution.

Webster's intellectual insight was, perhaps, no keener than Hamilton's, but he had the poetic imagination of the great orator, which Hamilton lacked. It is impossible to find in the works of Hamilton passages of that lofty and impressive eloquence, the finest in our annals, which occurs in Webster's. Yet in the formative genius of the statesman, in the power of practical political initiative, Hamilton was probably superior. It was he who put the Constitution upon its legs, and gave to it its working impulse. His presence and active participation in the first administration were only less valuable than those of Washington. Von Holst's *Life of Calhoun* in the "Series of American Statesmen" is a valuable addition to our political biography. Sincere, solitary, and uncompromising, Calhoun also is one of the few foremost figures among American public men. He is the representative of the false and fatal theory of the Constitution, as Webster is of the true. His logic, indeed, was narrow and severe, and he lacked the amplitude and generosity of Webster. But he is to be carefully studied if a man would comprehend the secret of the long political perversion of the Southern mind. The Webster meeting can not fail to be historically serviceable and interesting.

PROGRESS IN BRIGANDAGE.

The trial of the renowned brigand Giacomo Ubelli, which has just come to an end in Palermo, affords a curious illustration of the progress that has taken place in Sicily since its union with free and united Italy.

With the old type of Italian brigand the reading world has long been familiar. He was usually an ignorant man, belonging to the lower class of people, who had unfortunately killed some one in a moment of anger, and had been compelled to evade the tyranny of the law by flying to the mountains. Rising to the command of a company of similarly unfortunate men, he made a precarious living for himself and his followers by highway robbery. Of course he was frequently compelled to kill an obstinate proprietor or a stupid tourist who had refused to surrender his purse, and in time the complaints of his victims forced the government to hunt him down with troops, and either to shut him up in the galleys or to put him to death. There is no doubt that brigandage conducted according to the old method was a toilsome, unprofitable, and dangerous business, involving a great deal of hardship, and ending in a painful and ignominious way. It is now virtually at an end, and to the so-called brigand Ubelli belongs the credit of having entirely changed the character of brigandage, and attempted to give it a position among lawful and profitable professions.

Giacomo Ubelli was until recently a respectable grocer of the green variety, doing business in Palermo. Owing to a failure of the crops, and the ravages of several able worms, any one of which was easily the superior of our own army-worm, the green-grocer's business became unprofitable, and last January Signor Ubelli shut up his shop, and disappeared from Palermo. For several weeks nothing was heard of him, and when it was finally announced that the police had "found a clew," his friends gave him up, put on mourning, and contracted for two dozen masses at wholesale rates for the repose of his soul.

About the 1st of February, 1882, news of the missing Ubelli was brought to Palermo by a leading citizen dressed only in his shirt, but uncomfortably warm with indignation. He was driving a short distance from Palermo, when he was met by Ubelli and eleven other men, who seized his horses' bridles, and requested the coachman to dismount and lie down on his face. Signor Ubelli then approached the leading citizen, and asked him for a contribution for the benefit of the grand old convent of Monreale. "I shall have to ask you," remarked Ubelli, "for a large percentage of your clothing, say everything except your shirt, together with your money and your watch; but you must distinctly understand that you are at perfect liberty to decline to make any contribution whatever in case you are unwilling to aid the convent; at the same time I beg to remark that I hold in my hand a can of dynamite, and that in case I should drop it, you would instantly be blown out of your carriage, and a considerable distance into eternity."

The leading citizen was an intelligent man, and he lost no time in making the desired voluntary contribution. He was then released, and returned to Palermo, far more angry than he would have been had he been robbed in the old-fashioned way by brigands armed with guns, and demanding his money or his life. He said that he could bear the loss of his money, and could even reconcile himself to temporarily parting with his boots and trousers, but to be told by the audacious Ubelli that he must make a voluntary contribution of money and clothes, or else risk a fatal dynamite accident, was a combination of insult and injury which was utterly intolerable.

A week later Signor Ubelli and his associates met a large German tourist, from whom they demanded a voluntary contribution for the good of the grand old convent. The German had no money to speak of with him, and he was therefore invited to stay at Ubelli's mountain cave until such time as his bankers should pay a contribution for him. The bankers were reluctant to make the desired contribution, and Ubelli informed the German that it had occasionally happened that tourists who failed to make voluntary contributions when the opportunity was offered to them met with strange accidents that uniformly entailed the loss of an ear. Curiously enough, one of the German's ears was missing on the following morning, and had not his voluntary contribution arrived in the course of the day, he might have met with a second accident of the same kind. For some months Signor Ubelli pursued his new profession of collecting voluntary cotributions with great success. One day, however, he was surprised by a squad of cavalry while arguing with an English tourist, and, with most of his fellows, was dragged to jail, where he awaited his trial for highway robbery.

As has been said, the trial is just ended. Signor Ubelli's lawyer maintained with great eloquence that his client had done nothing unlawful, and in particular that he had committed no offense that could rightfully be called brigandage or highway robbery. To ask a person to voluntarily contribute money or clothing for the benefit of the grand old convent of Monreale was not—so the lawyer argued—a crime, but, on the contrary, a laudable act. Highway robbery involves the use of force; but Signor Ubelli did not use a particle of force in collecting contributions, and in fact neither he nor any of his associates carried weapons or made any threats whatever. This argument made a profound impression upon many of the Palermotans, especially those who had no money, but it had little effect upon the court and the jury, and Signor Ubelli was found guilty of brigandage and misappropriation of a German ear, and was condemned to the galleys for thirty years.

NOT A POLICE RAID.

Mr. McKeon, the District Attorney of New York, has discovered advantages in being under no obligations to factions of his party. He has of his own motion organized a raid upon the lottery dealers, who have been carrying on their business in strict disregard of the statute in such case made and provided. It is gratifying to learn that this raid is not like the occasional raids which the police make upon malefactors who fail to pay their assessments, having previously notified the malefactors in good standing to suspend malefaction for an hour or two. Mr. McKeon declares that he means to continue raiding until all illegal establishments in New York have been driven to embrace the arduous hospitalities of Long Island City. He also explains that certain police justices "had called upon him to dissuade him from interfering with the lottery dealers, upon the ground that he was ruining the Democratic party," and that "many politicians, Democratic and Republican," have remonstrated with him upon his headlong way of executing the laws of the State. "I told the police justices," Mr. McKeon says, "that if the Democratic party was to be ruined by an honest enforcement of the law, the quicker it was ruined the better."

These are brave words, and they are backed by brave acts. Heretofore a "raid" in New York has involved the primitive Scottish significance of the word, and meant a foray for the levy of black-mail. In the present case it is not at all consolatory to find that the District Attorney was forced to employ private detectives to make the arrests and seizures, because he could not trust the police to serve warrants upon their allies, the law-breakers. Many persons are of the opinion that a well-organized "raid" upon the station-houses would be as good a means as could be devised of relieving New York of the criminal classes.

THE FREEDOM OF THE POPE.

The Roman Pontiff has found a new and eloquent champion. M. Émile Ollivier emerges from the long retirement to which the utter failure of his ministry in the last days of the Empire condemned him, with a pamphlet entitled, "Is the Pope free at Rome?" To this question M. Ollivier returns a passionate negative, insisting that the liberty guaranteed by Italian law can only be exercised by the sacrifice of his claim to the sovereignty of the Church, and that even on this condition the guarantees can not be relied on. To the reconciliation with Italy proposed by so devout a Catholic as Father Curci he protests that "for him who is revered as the vicar of Jesus Christ it would be the most revolting apostasy in ecclesiastical history."

M. Ollivier is one of the few able liberals in France who retain a profound, fervent faith in the doctrines of the Church and the authority of the Pope, and his zeal blinds him to the hopeless conflict which exists between the papal pretensions to sovereignty in Rome and those rights of the people which have become a part of the organic law of Italy, and are sanctioned more and more by the sentiment of the age. His scheme of a "suzerainty" exercised by the Pope over the Romans, to whom should be given a quasi political autonomy, is a dream long nursed by the liberal Catholics of Italy, but as absolutely impracticable as the restoration of the mediæval organization of Europe. When he declares that "Italian unity must be broken or Catholic unity must perish," he speaks with that relentless French logic which events so often defy because it proceeds from too narrow premises. Italian unity will not be broken. Nothing is more certain in the future than than it will extend and strengthen with the growth of that splendid people, in whom the slow struggle of modern industrial and commercial life is consolidating the elements already cemented by the blood of successful revolution. But it does not follow, either, that Catholic unity, in its best sense, must perish, since there still remains a wide and fruitful field for its development, should the Pontificate fall into the hands of a wise and successful man. If it were, indeed, true that these were the alternatives presented by the progress of events—and it is not impossible that the deep but narrow zeal of the present Pope may force such a choice—there can be no doubt as to which must yield. The unity of Italy absolutely requires the incorporation of Rome with the kingdom, and the supremacy of the national government over it and all whom it contains as complete as its supremacy over Florence or Milan. The unity of the Catholic Church can be maintained in all its essential force, and for all reasonable purposes, with no shadow of political or temporal power in the Pope; but if the infallible head of the Church demands this unnecessary condition, and stakes the future of the Church upon it, he must fail. It is not the stars in their courses which fight against the Sisera of M. Ollivier's fervid religious phantasy; it is a force more subtle and permanent than the astrologists found in the orbs; it is the silent but invincible power of free thought in human affairs.

PERSONAL.

It will be twenty-three years in December next since the soul of old John Brown commenced "marching on." We are reminded of the occurrence by seeing announced in a San Francisco paper that Miss Sarah Brown, a daughter of the famous old J. B., has been appointed to a position in the Adjuster's Department of the Branch Mint in San Francisco, which was voluntarily offered her by Superintendent Burton. Her home is in Saratoga, Santa Clara County, California. John Brown, the oldest son, a man of sixty, strong and vigorous, lives at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie. With him resides Owen Brown, a younger son, who was with his father when the latter made his attack on Harper's Ferry. A daughter named Ruth Thompson lives near by, and another son, Jason, resides at Akron, Ohio. Mrs. Brown lives in California.

—Mr. Charles A. Stetson, Jun., who died at Lynn, Massachusetts, on the 8th inst., at the age of forty-five, was one of that notable family whose name was familiar to travellers the world over. He was trained to the hotel business by his father, Charles A. Stetson, a man peerless in that calling, and the friend of many statesmen of the last generation, whose companionship they sought, not merely because of his qualities as "mine host," but for social and intellectual gifts that rendered his society always charming. The son who has just died was a man of great energy and fine personal traits. During the rebellion he was conspicuous for the promptitude and success with which he ministered to Eastern regiments on their way to the front. He was the originator of the West End Hotel, Long Branch. Latterly he had been in the government service at Boston.

—A conspicuously benevolent Englishman is Mr. W. C. Jones, of Warrington, who, after having given $275,000 to the English Church Missionary Societies, has added the sum of $375,000 for a "William Charles Jones China and Japan Native Church and Mission Fund."

—Mr. George Dexter, of Albany, now in his eighty-fourth year, has had one exceptional experience. He is the sole survivor of fifty passengers on the first trip of Robert Fulton's steamboat *Clermont*, from Albany to New York. "It was a trip made in the extraordinary time of thirty hours," he said, "when I was eight years old. I was accompanied by my father."

—We are pleased to make correction of a "personal" in the Weekly of the 22d ult., which stated that the Rev. Dr. Morton, of St. James's, Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. Shelton, of St. Paul's, Buffalo, are the only Episcopal clergymen in the United States who have been in charge of a single parish continuously for as long as fifty-two years. We learn that the Rev. Dr. Edson, of St. Anne's Church, Boston, has been in charge of that parish for over fifty-eight years, and is the only rector the parish ever had. Although nearly eighty-nine years of age, he is in excellent health, and in the regular and active discharge of the duties of his office.

—Mrs. Margaret Sanderson, who made the flag that inspired the poet Key to write "The Star-spangled Banner," died in New York a few days since at the age of eighty-five. At the bombardment of Fort McHenry in 1812, Mrs. S., then only fifteen years old, made the flag, and presented it to Colonel Armstead, the commander of the fort, just before the British appeared in the bay. During the subsequent engagement the flag floated over the fort, and was seen by Key while confined in the British man-of-war. After the war the flag was returned to its maker, and the original star-spangled banner is now one of the treasures of the Sanderson family. The State of Maryland has made several unsuccessful efforts to buy the flag, but the venerable lady could never be induced to part with it. During the sesquicentennial celebration of the founding of Baltimore in 1880 a special committee was sent to this city to induce Mrs. Sanderson to go to Baltimore with her flag, and allow it to be displayed in the procession. Although a special car was placed at her disposal, Mrs. Sanderson, owing to feeble health, could not go, but sent her flag instead, the historical fragments of silk being placed in the special car in charge of a detective.

The Rev. Mr. Mozley, author of *Reminiscences of Oriel College*, and the men who were conspicuous among the Tractarians (chief of whom was Cardinal Newman), married a sister of Newman, and for four or five years, up to 1843, was editor of the *British Critic*, the organ of the Oxford movement. In that year he exchanged the position for one of much wider power and influence, that of chief editorial writer to the London *Times* during the time it was conducted by Delane. The salary paid him was $10,000 a year, a great sum in those days for editoral service, as indeed it is now. But he was deemed worthy of the remuneration.

—When Long John Wentworth was in Congress, many years ago, he once told a Methodist chaplain of the House: "I'm not going to vote for you again. You give us too much hell fire in your sermons. Now there's a man at Cincinnati who promises to save the whole of us. He's the man for me." "Ah! Mr. Wentworth, but he doesn't know you all as I do, or he wouldn't undertake to save the half of you."

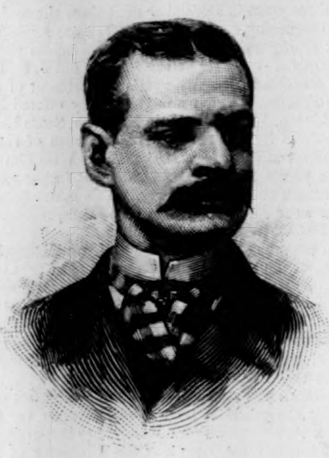
—People from the East who visit St. Louis are invariably shown, as the most notable sight of that city, the Botanical Gardens and Tower Grove Park, established by the great liberality of Mr. Henry Shaw, whose eighty-second birthday was recently celebrated by the prominent citizens of St. Louis. Besides the Gardens and Park, Mr. Shaw has given sites for several charitable institutions, and is proverbial for his benevolence.

—The Duke of Hamilton, who long ago came to pecuniary grief, and whose art treasures were recently sold out at auction for the benefit of his creditors, is described as "a great, coarse, sensual-looking, red-haired man of thirty-seven, without a feature in his face evincing intellect or refinement; without a point in his unwieldy person to indicate blood. He married one of the Duke of Manchester's daughters."

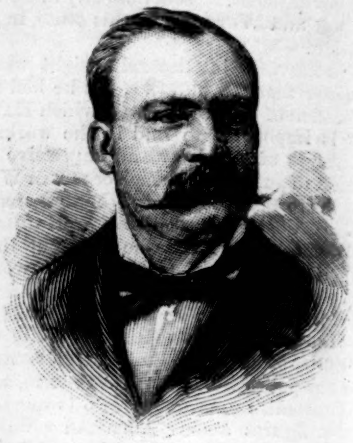
—Carlyle's final resting-place at Ecclefechan is marked by a large head-stone, bearing, underneath the motto "Humilitate," the inscription: "Here rests Thomas Carlyle, who was born at Ecclefechan, 4th December, 1795, and died at 24 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, on Saturday, 5th February, 1881." At the foot of the grave is a small stone with the initials "T. C." At the house in which Carlyle was born is kept a visitors' book, the gift of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, and among the more recent names in it are those of the Earl of Rosebery and Lord Young.

—Richard King, of Texas, is known of men in the South as the largest cultivator of cattle in the United States, if not in the world. Richard is an Irishman, and his flocks of sheep and goats, his herds of cattle, and his many horses and more mules, foot up in all 500,000 head. His ranch, the Santa Gertrudas, is seventy-five miles in length, and includes nearly the whole of two counties in Southwestern Texas.

—The London *Spectator* thinks that Lord Rosebery is likely to succeed Mr. Bright as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the cabinet. As Under Secretary for the Home Department Lord R. has had charge of all the political duties formerly intrusted to the Lord Advocate, and Scotland has confidence in him. *The Spectator* says: "We doubt if any appointment would bring more strength to it eventually than that of the brilliant young Scotchman, who has shown himself to be one of the best speakers of the day, who has youth, wealth, and zeal to devote to the Liberal cause, and who is as thorough-going a Liberal as we could hope to find even in the House of Commons. Lord Rosebery probably has a great future. And it would be a useful thing to introduce a young man of his promise early into the ranks of the higher statesmen."



W. W. ASTOR.
Photographed by Notman.—[See Page 526.]



GEORGE S. LELAND.
Photographed by Fredericks.—[See Page 519.]

THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The exact title of this institution, which has now entered on its fourth annual term, is "The Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature," and this describes its character precisely. Of the forty lectures to be given this year, six relate to literary themes, or those belonging as much to literature as to philosophy: one being on Poetry, two on Oracular Poetry, one on Childhood, another on Nature, and the sixth on Color. These serve to give variety to the programme, and also to aid one purpose of the school, in bringing philosophy to bear on life. Shakspeare and Homer have also been made the subjects of elaborate courses in previous terms.

The main energies of the faculty, however, are directed to the exposition of philosophy; and in this department we find some eminent names. President Porter discourses on Kantian Ethics, and President McCosh, of Princeton, on the Scottish Philosophy. The venerable Bronson Alcott represents mystical predilections. Dr. H. K. Jones, the noted Platonist, gives eight lectures on Christian Philosophy. There is also observable a tendency to specialize the direction of study somewhat in the introduction of three lectures on Fichte, by Professor William T. Harris, long the Superintendent of Public Schools in St. Louis, but now a resident of Concord, and an important factor in the school. Professor John Watson's three lectures on Schelling are a part of the same tendency to analyze individual philosophers more than was done in the first three terms. Under the steep-pitched roof of a small paintless building, with a porch in front and a sort of apse at the back, the sessions are held daily, except on Sundays, morning and evening. Often the robin is heard through the open windows during the morning hour fluting from a neighboring apple-tree; and of evenings the whip-poor-will is apt to put in his ghostly comment. The surroundings are delightfully rural and refreshing, for Hillside Chapel stands on the grounds of Orchard House, formerly the dwelling of Mr. Alcott, where *Little Women* was written, and now the home of Professor Harris. Two immense elms stand in front, and fruit and other trees in great variety abound. The low ridge behind is that along which the minute-men ran in 1775, firing at the retreating British on the Lexington Road, just below. It describes a horseshoe bend around Hillside Chapel and Orchard House, on one flank of which is one of the best horticultural farms in Massachusetts, and on the other lie the heavily wooded grounds of The Wayside, which was the residence of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

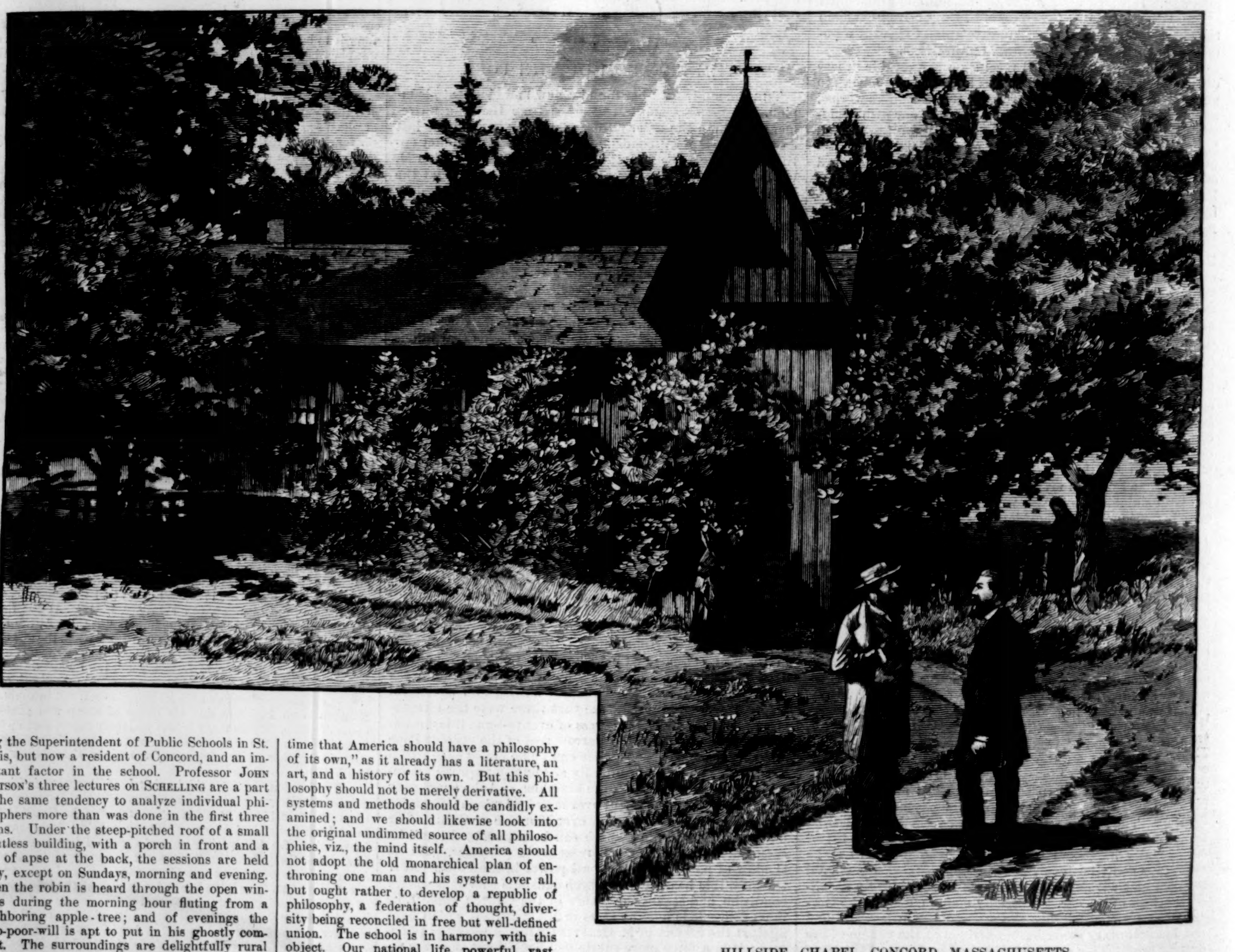
This interior, in which so many thoughtful and brilliant essays are read, and so many good things said, every summer, is finished in bare pine-wood, but possesses an æsthetic fitness to the unpretentious sincerity of those who assemble there. The broad, arched alcove in which the faculty and lecturers sit on a platform contains two reproductions from Michael Angelo's tombs of the Medici. Over the mantel at the left is an engraving of Raphael's "School of Athens"; higher up, a bust of John Brown; and on a bracket close by, one of Mr. Alcott. A few flowers in vases generally adorn the room. The project of such a school originated with Mr. Alcott as long ago as 1842, but it was not until 1879 that the opportunity came for carrying it out. It must be said that the denizens of Concord did not generally show much enthusiasm about the new enterprise, which received its main support from Western people. But it at once attracted public notice, and interested many almost in spite of themselves. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson (the same lady who supplied funds for the Yellow Fever Commission) was an attendant, and donated a sum which made possible the building of the chapel, and placed the school in possession of a permanent fund. But, apart from this, the running expenses were paid by admission fees. To make an institution of abstract learning, even on a small scale, self-supporting from the start, was an achievement reserved for Americans. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable that the school should have met with such success in this respect, though it is partly explained by the fact that the lecturers give their services for a mere nominal compensation, or the cost of travel to and from the spot. Some feeble attempts at satire upon the school have been made in journals of small influence, but without success. The press has generally recognized in it a practical and useful movement, and in fact there is nothing vague, idle, or trifling in the main part of its activity. Eccentrics and "cranks" have, as a rule, carefully avoided coming within its atmosphere.

Certain people are inclined to ask, "But what good does it all do?" The answer is simple. As Dr. McCosh said in his recent lecture, "It is high time that America should have a philosophy of its own," as it already has a literature, an art, and a history of its own. But this philosophy should not be merely derivative. All systems and methods should be candidly examined; and we should likewise look into the original undimmed source of all philosophies, viz., the mind itself. America should not adopt the old monarchical plan of enthroning one man and his system over all, but ought rather to develop a republic of philosophy, a federation of thought, diversity being reconciled in free but well-defined union. The school is in harmony with this object. Our national life, powerful, vast, and complex as it is, moves so swiftly that it is apt to be unreflecting. Exactly what we are about, what is the value of our civilization, and toward what ideals we are working, are things not so clear as they might be, and there is great need of keener analysis and more careful thinkers to prevent our drifting blindly—to prevent, that is, not by obstructive conservatism, but by progressive comprehension. To educate for this purpose, then, is another object of the school. In order to know what to teach and what to receive we must seek through philosophy the one central principle on which the world, the universe, rests. Then we have to trace this back again from that, through all its manifestations in religion, government, literature, art, science, and manners. This is manifestly a large job, and the Concord School does not expect to carry it out so that it will never have to be done again, but rather to set people in the right path, so that they can keep on doing it forever. At a time when Germany itself is overpowered by the influence of Mill, Spencer, and Darwin, and the genius of materialism is getting so strong a hold everywhere, it is interesting to find that the Concord School re-asserts with breadth and penetration the supremacy of mind. It is in accord with the insight of Emerson in making personality, mind, the soul, the main thing for which all exists. It claims also to be in accord with Plato, Aristotle, the true thought of Kant, with Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling. Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in his poem at the opening of this year's session, said:

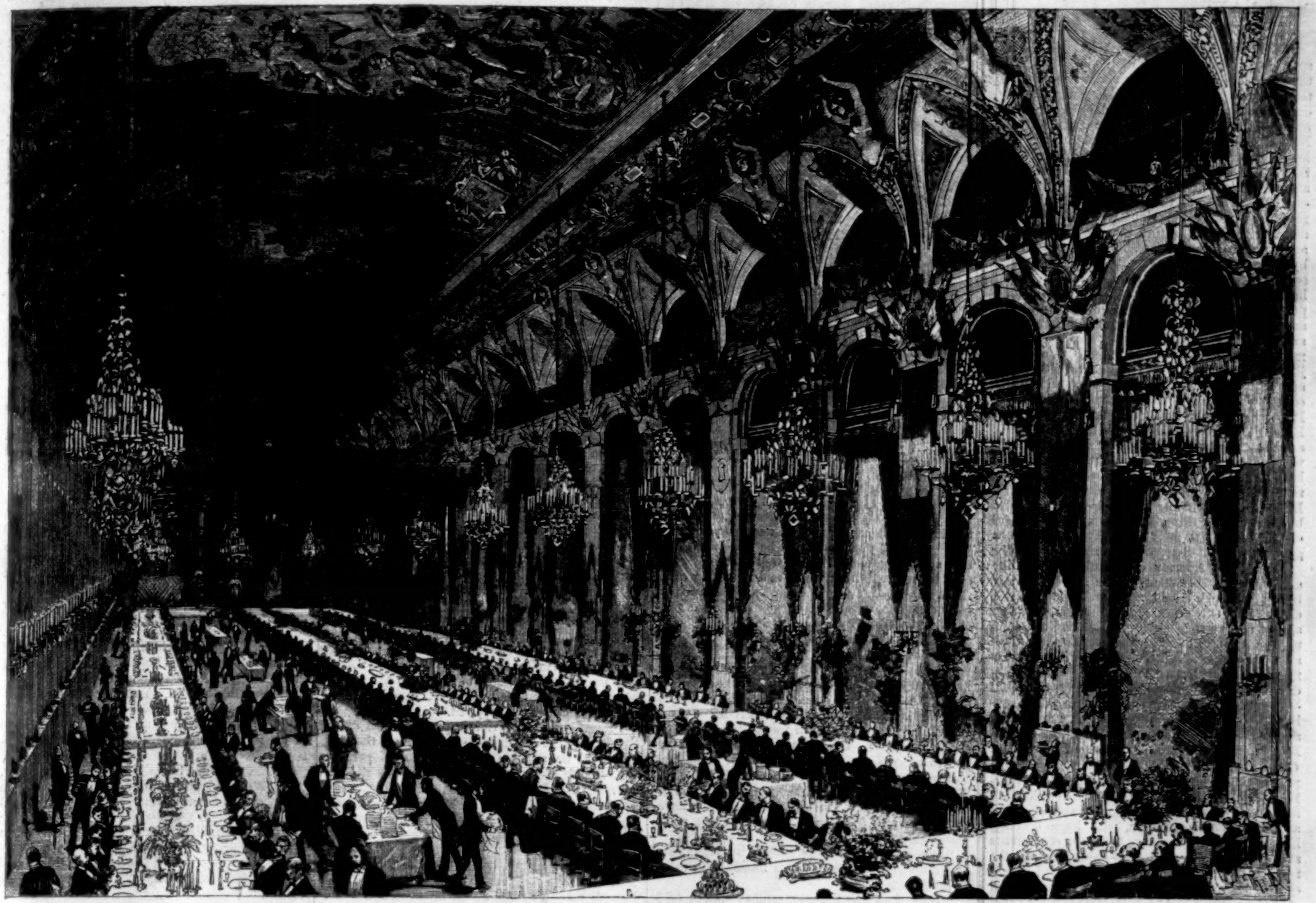
> "With us Philosophy still spreads her wing,
> And soars to seek Heaven's King,
> Nor creeps through charnels, prying with the glass
> That makes the little big, while gods unseen may
> pass."

But it must not be supposed that the school is hostile to science: on the contrary, it approves and heartily sympathizes with it in its great work, which, properly regarded, it considers tributary to the highest ends of existence. The most serious criticism to be passed on the management is that it does not grant free representation to the Spencerian school. If the influential thinkers who belong to that need to be counteracted, this end might be reached better through full and courteous discussion or comparison of views than by exclusive reaction. Only by such means can the Concord institution become thoroughly liberal, and gain the widest influence.

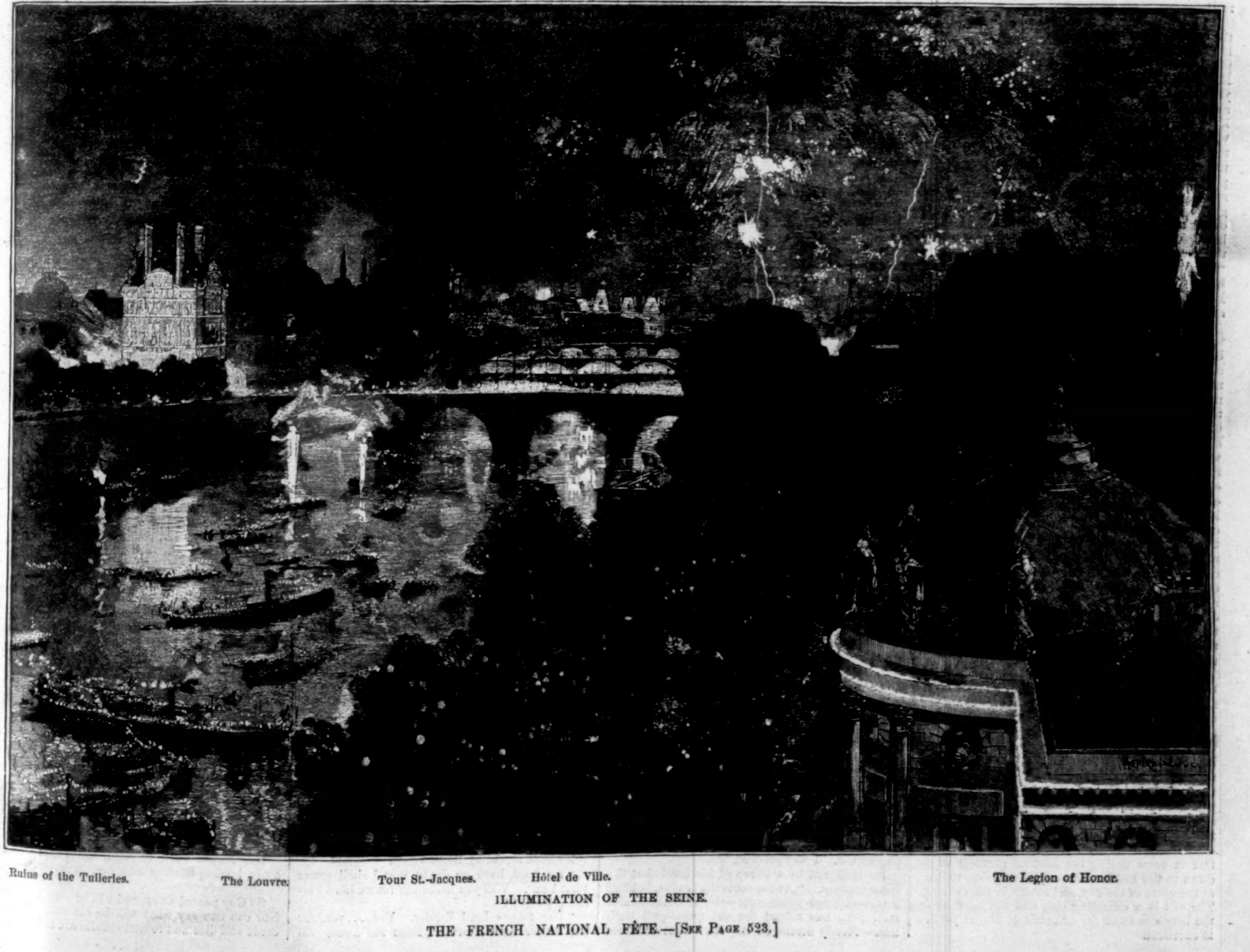
One thing it has certainly demonstrated, viz., that there are plenty of people in this country, of various creeds and occupations, people of leisure and society also, who are willing to assemble during a month of hot weather to consider and question concerning subjects of the deepest moment in intellectual life. They come from all parts of the country, to the number of several hundred, though the average attendance at each lecture is probably not above fifty. Some are college graduates, looking for more than they found in college; others have read philosophy by themselves; still others come hither to make a beginning. Women form the majority; but among the men are lawyers, business men, an occasional college professor or clergyman, and *littérateurs*. The fees are low (fifteen dollars for the term), and there are no examinations or diplomas, so that the seed of thought may be scattered without restriction. One of the most interesting occasions was that of the Emerson commemoration, held July 22, at which Rev. Dr. Bartol spoke with eloquence, and among the other speakers Professor Harris devoted himself to showing that, contrary to the popular opinion, Emerson's prose is marked by great dialectical unity. Besides the lecturers already named, the following contribute to the present year's programme: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss E. P. Peabody, Professor G. H. Howison; Messrs. F. B. Sanborn, G. P. Lathrop, John Albee, and Charles E. Garman, of Amherst, Rev. R. A. Holland, of Chicago, Rowland G. Hazard, LL.D., and Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney. Although Concord has lost its great shining lights, something of the aureola that played round them still hangs over the village; and it is evident that its traditions as a place of ideas are still maintained and acted upon.



HILLSIDE CHAPEL, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.
From a Sketch by E. H. Garrett.



INAUGURATION OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS—THE GRAND BANQUET.


Ruins of the Tuileries.
The Louvre.
Tour St.-Jacques.
Hôtel de Ville.
The Legion of Honor.

ILLUMINATION OF THE SEINE.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL FÊTE.—[See Page 523.]

NANTASKET BEACH.

[Continued from front page.]

This is a good point at which to begin an inspection of the attractions of the district. It is the first place where the steamboat from Boston touches, and although the passenger may proceed by boat to several other landings further along—Strawberry Hill, Downer Landing, and Nantasket—yet the most agreeable plan, perhaps, is to leave the boat here, especially when it is crowded, as is too frequently the case; and after a sojourn at this northern point, take the observation cars of the Nantasket Beach Railroad, and follow the sinuosities of the shore southward, visiting in turn Strawberry Hill, Sagamore, and Nantasket. The Pemberton, built by a company, and managed by Landlord Thompson, of the Kearsarge House, North Conway, is a hotel of many broad covered piazzas, on a narrow point bounded by Nantasket Roads, Hull Gut, and Hull Harbor. A number of the waiters, we are told, are college under-graduates from Dartmouth, Bates, and other New England colleges, just as at some of the White Mountain houses, and perhaps they may be heard chanting their college glees while shelling pease in the morning. It is quieter at the Pemberton than at the larger Hotel Nantasket, at the lower end of the beach, and somewhat exclusive. The train which conveys the visitor from the Pemberton down the beach runs close by the water, at first about a mile eastward, to Point Allerton, whence Boston Light and the Brewsters are in view, with a faint blue line in the distance, where the north shore of Massachusetts Bay gradually fades into a gray streak as it recedes to the right.

From Point Allerton due southward the line skirts the long crescent of the splendid sandy beach, lined with hotels, cafés, and cottages for a distance of two miles, and terminating with an abrupt rocky promontory, crowned by a large hotel, the Atlantic House, which marks the boundaries of Cohasset. This panorama from the train is fine on any day, but especially on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, when—oh, shades of the Puritans!—the water is alive with bathers, the sands are enlivened by groups of promenaders, the piazzas and pavilions are thronged with pleasure-seekers listening to the frivolous strains of *Patience* and *Olivette* from the hotel bands, and everywhere the people are engaged in eating, drinking, and making merry. At Strawberry Hill there is a hotel of modest pretensions but of considerable size, and a large open-air pavilion, with huge bathing-houses, the Oceanic. Here there are restaurants and cafés, band music, clam bakes, and all the rest. At Sagamore there is nothing of consequence but cottages in large numbers scattered over the hill-side. At Nantasket the huge Hotel Nantasket, the Rockland Café, and a number of pavilions mark the end of the railway ride along the beach, and here the rails are connected with a branch of the main line of the Old Colony road.

At night the beach at either end is lighted by the electric light, which is used at both the great hotels, and at some of the smaller ones, and the place wears an animated and picturesque look. Extensive as it already is, however, there is much yet to be done to render Nantasket as attractive as it might be, and to give it the gay and brilliant look, the dash, of the New York resorts after which it is patterned. It is undoubtedly gay at the Pemberton, and gayer at the Nantasket, but the gayety is rather feverish and noisy, that of a people who have only just begun to amuse themselves, and have not got far along in the art. The greatest attractions seem to be the bathing, the eating and drinking in the restaurants, and the band-playing. It is especially noticeable that with the inveterate predilection of the noise-loving, "average" American, the throngs which fill the broad piazzas, both at the Nantasket and the Pemberton, demand and receive an inordinate amount of cornet solo.

Though to the great throngs who go to Nantasket, the two great hotels at either end of the beach, with their attractions, and the beach itself, are all there is of Nantasket, there is much more to be seen and enjoyed. At the large pier near the Hotel Nantasket are numerous "barges" to take passengers arriving by the boats to various points along the shore, and hotel carriages are always ready at short notice for parties who wish to drive about the region. Along the "Jerusalem Road" is the famous drive, and a more charming drive of like distance it would be difficult to find. The road, winding along the shore, is lined by elegant summer cottages, some of them of stone, and many presenting ambitious architectural effects. The dwellers along this famous road, and the cottagers generally, have little in common with the throngs of excursionists who crowd the hotel restaurants, and ceaselessly pace up and down the hotel piazzas. They and theirs contribute to the attractions of the place, but they enjoy them in their own exclusive way, and the company of their own choosing. They are the aristocracy of the place.

The time to visit Nantasket and enjoy it at its best is on a pleasant week-day afternoon—not on a Sunday. On Sundays there is too much of the rabble for comfort, the boats are greatly crowded, and the crush at the wharves, especially for the return boats from the Nantasket pier in the late afternoon and evening, is rough and savage, the officers not being able to thoroughly discipline the crowd, and the system of handling it being primitive. "Nice" people, as Bostonians would say, seldom go down on Sunday; their day is more likely to be Thursday. It is a somewhat extensively observed custom for business men tied in town during the heat of summer to go down to the Pemberton or the Nantasket to dine at the close of the day, and return in the evening. The sail is a charming one, and the capacity of the hotels to meet the demands of dinner parties is excellent.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1330, Vol. XXVI.]

"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," "When the Ship Comes Home," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," etc.

PART II.—IN THE SEASON.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAUDE.

"I AM come," said Maude, "to ask you to forgive me, Virginie, before you go."

She looked pale and worn; her thin cheek was thinner; her eyes more lustrous and more sorrowful. Sad stories in plenty have been written on the wreck of women's lives made by lover and by husband, but few of them which have been ruined by brother or by father; yet are these the more common. Maude Ferrier gave her brother everything: her thoughts, her work, her money, yet the end was—this.

"I am come to ask your forgiveness," she repeated.

"Indeed," said Virginie, "I have nothing to forgive. You have always been most kind and good to me."

"My goodness and kindness, Virginie, were assumed, for my brother's sake. I wanted him to marry you for the sake of your money. I wrote to him in Palmiste, urging him to pay court to you. It was I who knew that he was in difficulties, and a gambler; I knew well that he would only be relieved for a time, and that he would throw away your fortune as he has thrown away his own. You were to be sacrificed to his selfish greed and prodigality, as well as I myself. It was a cruel and a wicked thing to plot."

"But you told me—"

"All I told you was false. I said Guy was an honorable and a noble gentleman, as the Chief of our House has always been. It was false. He is cold and selfish, cruel and treacherous. This I knew. I was preparing you for the most cruel of disappointments. I deliberately laid my plans for you to become the wife of a reckless gamester. But, remember, my father knew nothing of it. Think ill of me, *because I deserve it; but not of* him, because he is the soul of honor. I have told him now. When you found him out, what were your thoughts of me?"

"But, Maude, I have not found him out. This is the first I have heard of his money difficulties or his gaming."

"Why, then, was the engagement broken off? Is there worse to come?"

"There is worse to come, but I can not tell you what it is."

"To save him even for a year or two, to keep my father from knowing the reputation and character of his son, I think I would have sacrificed any one. Yet, Virginie, I am glad that you are saved; and again I say—forgive me."

"I forgive you, Maude. Whatever you did, was for your brother. I know already that he is not the noble character I thought him. But what do you mean by ruin?"

"His liabilities are enormous; it is truly wonderful that he should have been trusted so greatly; to meet them my father has consented to the only course left open; he will cut off the entail and sell The Towers, and the estates, and the town house and all; and so there will be an end of us."

"Sell The Towers? Sell the estates? Is it possible?"

"It is more than possible. The papers are ready, and will be signed to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Maude, it must not be! Can not some of my fortune—"

"Yours, Virginie? Ask yourself if we could take your money, when we have wronged you so cruelly."

Virginie was silent. No; her own money could not be taken.

"To-morrow morning my father will see his son, but only for the signing of the papers, and then....then....oh! me....me....there will be no more pride for us, except in the past, and only poverty and shame for the future."

"Maude!"

They wept together, and parted.

Now when, an hour later, Percival heard of this intention, he fell into a great dubiety. For, first of all, he had no right to interfere; but secondly, he had been taken into confidence by a person greatly interested in this barring of entail; and thirdly, he thought that if the truth were made known to Lord Ferrier, he might reconsider a decision which would make his grandson a pauper. Finally, he decided on advising Violet to take the boy and go herself to her father-in-law.

"I promised," said the actress, "that I would keep his secret—and I have done so. Nobody knows, except that poor child with the pretty face. But for the sake of the boy I would break that promise, or any other that I have ever made."

"It is for his sake that I advise you to break it. You ought never to have made such a promise at all."

"What do you say, Daddy?"

"It looks well," he said; "a lawyer's office—table with parchments—"

"It won't be parchment," Percival objected. "It will be paper."

"Permit me, Mr. Percival, to know my business. On the stage, wills and agreements, and so forth, must be on parchment—large, rustling parchment. I will proceed."

He indicated by a sweep of his hand that the scene was set. "At the table the lawyer, holding a pen—a large goose-quill—the introduction of steel pens has ruined the old goose-quill business—utterly destroyed it. Ah! what business have I seen in the good old farces got out of a simple quill pen! At the end of the table the prodigal, arms folded, brows knit—a prodigal at bay—most effective figure, I assure you. Enter the father, bowed with years and grief, supported by his lovely daughter, who gazes reproachfully upon her brother.

"'Will your Lordship sign?'

"'Give me,' he says, feebly—'give me the pen. Thus....thus....I sign away—forever—the honor of the House.'

"He dips the pen into the ink; he raises his hand. The door flies open—'Do not sign, my Lord!' Tableau! Very good indeed, Violet, my dear. It makes up for the loss of that other beautiful situation which you threw away. After all, it would not have taken place for sixteen years, and one does not know where I may be in sixteen years. Starring in the provinces, very likely."

It did seem a very likely thing indeed, considering that he was already over eighty; but then Art knows naught of age.

"I think you ought to go, indeed," said Percival. "If you will allow me, I will go with you, unless Mr. Perigal would like to go."

"I would rather go alone," said Violet. "And the boy shall go too."

The papers were to be signed at noon. Guy was instructed to be in the study at that time: he was also informed that his father refused to speak to him, that he was to go away on the conclusion of the inquiry, and that he would be afterward informed what provision, if any, would be made for him. The last clause was uncomfortable, because men who are the heirs to great names are not accustomed to consider even the possibility of a failure in the corn and wine, the butter and the oil and the honey, which go to the daily bread. "If any!"—but of course it could be only a figure of speech.

It was a little after eleven when Violet asked to see Lord Ferrier. She refused to send in her name, but said that she came on business of the utmost importance, and wished to see his Lordship immediately. She was taken to the study, where she waited, and wondered how her communication would be received.

Presently Lord Ferrier appeared. Not quite the man Violet expected—she somehow thought he would be a fierce, baronial kind of person, with the air of one who insists on all his rights; a French Seigneur of the good old time—though she knew little about Seigneurs; a *melodramatic* Lord, with large, white, fierce eyebrows. On the contrary, he seemed quite a mild and gentle old man, who bowed politely, and apologized for keeping her waiting, and asked what her business with him might be, and added that he was himself much engaged at the moment, and would be obliged if she would come to the point at once.

"Your business, my Lord," said Violet, "is connected with your son?"

"It is."

"You are about to sign an agreement which will enable you to sell your property—all your property—for the purpose of paying off your son's debts."

"I am; though I do not know how you have learned this."

"Never mind that. I am thinking, my Lord, how I had best put into words the things that I have to tell you. I am here in hope of inducing you to reconsider that decision."

Lord Ferrier rose.

"Madam," he said, "I can not discuss this decision, or any other private concerns of mine, with a stranger."

"Yet you will listen to me, directly you know who I am. It is only since yesterday that I have understood the meaning of your Lordship's intention. Otherwise I should have been here long ago."

"I am at a loss to know—"

"You shall know directly. I have been told that your Lordship is a....a....what they call....I am told....a tenant for life of the property which you hold."

"That is so, certainly."

"And that your son, when he succeeds, is also a tenant for life."

"Yes."

"So that if you agree between you to sell it, you will be selling the property of your grandchildren."

"If you put it in that way, yes. But I have no grandchildren."

Violet had been holding the little boy by the hand; his back was turned to the window, so that his face was in shade. She now turned him round and pushed him gently forward.

"Does your Lordship," she asked, "see any likeness in that boy to any of your own family?"

It had been Violet's boast when she wrote to her husband that the boy was not like him. That was only true in part. The boy was exactly like what his father had been at his age.

"It is Guy himself!" cried Lord Ferrier. "The boy is like Guy at six. What does this mean?"

"Your Lordship *has* one grandchild. That is what it means. I am your son's wife."

"Is it possible?"

"You do not, naturally, accept my statement. Wait. Your son will be here himself in a short time. Let him be witness. I was married to him six years ago, and separated from him five years ago. It was an unlucky day for me when I met your son."

"Is it possible?"

His eyes were fixed on the child.

"I am an actress. I play under the name of Violet Lovelace."

"Is it possible?"

He kept repeating these words.

"My Lord, have no doubt that I shall prove what I say. Will you make the future Lord Ferrier a pauper?"

"The future Lord Ferrier. Yes....yes....the future Lord Ferrier. Then the house will have another chance. But if the child is not a pauper, his father will be dishonored."

Violet laughed.

"Is he not dishonored already? Has he not engaged himself to a young lady, hoping that I should keep silence? Did he not come to me and threaten, if I did not keep silence, to take away the boy and rob me of my salary? What constitutes dishonor among gentlemen, if these things do not? I say nothing of the cruel treatment and bitter words that drove me from him as soon as my baby was born. I say nothing of being left to earn my bread as best I might, and keep the child as well. It all forms part of the man. If this is not dishonor, Heaven knows what it is."

"Let me look at you," he said.

She raised her veil, and looked up in his face.

"The eyes," he said, "are honest eyes. You have a good face."

She blushed. She had not blushed for years; but now she blushed like an innocent, ignorant school-girl.

"My Lord," she said, earnestly, "my child has no cause to be ashamed of his mother, unless he is ashamed that she is an actress."

"It is well said," he replied, gravely.

Then he rang the bell, and desired that Miss Ferrier should be asked to come to him.

"Maude," he said, simply, "this young lady informs me that she is—your brother's wife—and that this is his son. If this be true—as I have very little doubt—"

"At least, sir, let us first prove it to be true."

"Let us prove it to be true," echoed Violet. She was gentle and soft with the man, but with this women, who looked at her with cold distrust, she became herself cold and distrustful. She drew the child upon her lap. "I shall prove that you, Miss Ferrier, are my sister-in-law."

"Will you, then, take your proofs to the proper persons, our lawyers?" asked Maude.

"No, I will not. I will wait here till my husband comes; he will prove himself the truth of my statement. Your Lordship will understand that I am here for no other purpose than to defend my son's rights. Your nephew"—she addressed herself to Maude with some asperity of manner—"may become an actor. I believe none of his predecessors have ever followed this profession."

Maude sighed. She did not doubt the story. A foolish marriage was only one more episode in *the history of* her brother, and a most natural episode.

They sat in silence for a few minutes. Then Lord Ferrier spoke.

"If it be as you say," he said, slowly, "I will respect the boy's rights at the expense of his father."

Violet made no reply. Then there was silence again.

The clock struck twelve. And at the moment, true to the time appointed, the lawyer bearing the paper arrived; with him, Guy himself.

He started at the sight of Violet.

"You here?" he cried. "You have broken your promise."

"Who is this lady, sir?" asked Lord Ferrier.

He looked from one to the other. He remembered the witnesses to the marriage; further concealment was hopeless; besides, it was useless.

"She is my wife," he said, plainly and bluntly, "and this, I suppose, is the boy."

"It is the boy," said Violet. "I have the other proofs, but is your Lordship satisfied?"

"I am satisfied," Lord Ferrier replied.

"First, then, you will sign this paper"—Violet addressed her husband, not Lord Ferrier. "You acknowledge that you married me under the assumed name of Richard Johnson. That is all. But I wish you to sign it in the presence of your father and your sister."

"If that is all," said Guy, carelessly, "let us sign."

He read the paper, signed it, and returned it to her with a bow. "I suppose," he said, "that we part again. Quite so. You have not kept your promise; but do not fear: I shall not interfere with you."

"Give me, if you please," said Lord Ferrier to the lawyer, "the agreement which I was to sign. I have decided, sir," he said to his son, "not to execute this deed. I will not join you in barring the entail. The estates shall be kept—for your son. I think I have no more to say to you. Stay. You will learn in a few days what I can do for you. An allowance of some kind shall be made to you, on the condition that you leave England and do not return in my lifetime. As regards your creditors, I shall see what sum I can set aside every year, so long as I live, for their use. Go; let me forget that ever I had a son."

The young man turned and left the room without a word.

"Guy!" cried Maude, catching his hand; but he shook it off with an angry gesture. He had not even a single kind word of farewell for the woman who had given him all she had. She sank into her chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"My dear," said Lord Ferrier, taking Violet's hand and raising it to his lips, "you are my daughter-in-law. In this house you will be always welcome."

"Thank you, my Lord. My secret shall still be kept. I will not take your name to the theatre, and I will go on working for myself. As for the boy, when he is older you shall decide about him. Boy, kiss your grandfather."

She held up the child to be kissed.

"I will go now. Do not cry for your brother," she said to Maude. "He is not worth a tear. I haven't cried about him for more than five years."

But Maude made no sign, and Violet walked away, leading the boy with her.

So Guy passed away, and will be seen no more. Nor can one say what will be his end. Where cards and dice and roulette tables are to be found he will make his home. That is quite certain. It is also certain that he will descend, slowly or rapidly, deeper and deeper, until the outward semblance of a gentleman is lost. As one thinks of him and his future, one remembers stories of Mexican hells and New Orleans gambling saloons, and of shots fired across a table, and a dead body thrown into the street. Or one remembers ghastly things that one has heard: how men have fallen among thieves and swindlers, and cast in their lot with them, and become leaders among them, owing to the rare possession of a well-bred manner. Or one thinks of the despair that falls upon a man when his last sou is lost, and the cold river is close by.

Soon or late, the end of such men is certain.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN AUSPICIOUS DAY.

The cold season in Palmiste Island somewhat resembles the summer in the Straits of Belleisle. That is to say, while the latter begins on August the 31st and ends on September the 1st, the former is said to begin on June the 30th and to end on July the 1st. It should be called the "not-so-hot-as-usual" season. In the very height—or depth—of the season was Virginie married. Her return to the island was announced by no letters: she arrived alone and unexpected. There were few passengers by the mail, and hardly any one came on board when the quarantine boat had done its duty. Therefore Virginie, leaving her boxes and things to be forwarded by the trusty purser, landed by herself, and by herself drove to Mon Désir.

It was in the afternoon, about five of the clock, that she arrived at the dear old Avenue of Palms. All the way out she had been living over again the tumult and humiliation of the last weeks in England. When she landed in the old familiar place her London season vanished, and became like a dream of the past. The sunshine lay upon the everlasting hills, the fresh breeze of the afternoon fanned her cheek, the ragged old banana-trees waved a welcome to her with their torn and disreputable rags of leaves. On the wharves the dusky coolies shouted as they ran backward and forward with their odorous sacks of guano; the merchants and the brokers sat beneath the trees upon the Place; the drivers slept upon their boxes; the mules kicked and bit each other; once more she heard the old Creole patois; once more she felt herself a Creole, and, as the carriage took her beyond the town, *the tears came to her eyes.* What was England to her but a name and a glory? What was her pride of family worth any more to her? What had been the vague wonders in her mind before she saw the birth-place of her father? How was she changed? How little it all meant now! What were London drawing-rooms—what was the talk of London society—what were the false friendships and pretenses of English life—what were the nights in crowded ball-rooms—to the sweet, pure air of the Palmiste table-land; the rustle and the light, the color and the shadow of the waving canes, the wooded hill-sides, the bare, hot rocks; the breadth of sunshine, the deep ravines, the water-falls, and mountain streams; even the ugly wooden huts, with their tin roofs, of the Chinamen, in her native land?

When the carriage reached the avenue she stopped it, and telling the man to follow very slowly, she went on before, with parted lips and eager eyes, thinking of how she should find them all.

Oh, look! In the veranda there sat, as they always had sat, side by side, her mother with Madame Kemyss. They were not reading: what real good comes by reading, when you think of it? Nor were they talking: you do not do any good at all, in general, by talking. Nor were they working: why should they work, when they had people to work for them? On a table between them lay a book or two, and some work, just to look at. They were sitting there as they sat every afternoon, quite still, silent, and happy, enjoying the sunshine as it sloped across the lawn, and lay golden on the distant hills, feeling the joy of the cloudless sky, and the breath of the fragrant air, and the scent of the roses on the lawn. Why talk? Why argue? Why waste breath in trying to prove the unknowable, when these things can be enjoyed? Needless work, fuss, prattle, chatter, fierce argument, and strenuous logic are for temperate zones. To these ladies there was nothing wanting in their lives but the return of their Virginie. And she was close at hand, though they knew it not, looking at them through the branches of an acacia.

The Squire was there too. But one is ashamed to say that he was asleep. He had been of late so much troubled and afflicted about the estate and the hesitation of the banks that he often fell asleep of an afternoon. Now he lay back in his long chair and slumbered peacefully.

In a corner of the veranda sat old Suzette, in her cotton frock and red turban, coiled up. In her hands was a piece of work; but she too was half asleep.

A sleepy, peaceful place. As Virginie looked, she thought of the danger hanging over them, and how this peace might be interrupted, this rest disturbed, and these dear old people sent adrift to find such shelter as they might. To be sure, where her mother lived, there would be Madame Kemyss—there, too, the Squire. But—Tom!

And she blushed, because, during all the voyage, Tom had never once been out of her thoughts. What would he say? What would he say?

Now at this juncture Tom himself came sauntering slowly down the avenue. He was dull because the house was dull, and its silence almost intolerable to him. And in these days he was always dejected, and found no joy in anything, nor any brightness in the sunshine. And, behold! before him stood none other than—Virginie!

He took her in his arms, and without a word of question or explanation—perhaps he read her eyes—he kissed her a thousand times, regardless of the driver, who sat on his box and grinned approvingly.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "do you love me still?"

Did he love her? Did the sun shine? Was the sky blue? Were the flowers growing under their feet? Did he love her still?

And there were present at the wedding his Excellency the Governor and her Ladyship, his illustrious consort; also the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Palmiste, with the young Padre, his Examining Chaplain—it took the pair of them to read the service—and the Bishopess, and the Bishoplings, and the Colonial Secretary, and the Auditor-General, and the Treasurer, and all the Heads of Departments, with their wives and daughters; also all the members of the Legislative Council, with their wives, and their sons and their daughters, and their grandchildren; and the General in command of the Forces, and the Colonel and all the officers of the regiment in garrison; and the Assistant Colonial Secretary—he who had taken the Padre for a morning walk—and other assistants in Departments; and all the French and English merchants, and as many of the planters as were white—you mustn't mix colors in a tropical climate any more than in æsthetic zones; and among them the McAndrew and the McLoughlin. As for the Pink Boy, he was there too. His friend the Squire was saved from ruin. His letter had been acted upon, and, after all, this was the sad and fatal result. Yet he bore up, and acted as best man, looking very pink and young and handsome.

They were married, naturally, at the English Cathedral, which was much fuller than was ever before known in the memory of man, except on St. John's Day, when the Masons go there to solemn service, and hear a sermon full of dark allusion to Masonic rites, and feel re-assured about that Greater Excommunication hurled at them by my Lord the Bishop of the Older Branch, whose palace stands not a hundred yards away.

They spent their honey-moon in a little shooting-box hidden in the heart of the woods, where they wandered every day hand in hand. Sometimes they sat beside a sparkling stream, upon some fallen trunk, and watched the flickering of the leaves in the sunlight, or the herds of deer browsing in a lonely glade, in silent happiness. Sometimes they gathered orchids and ferns. *Sometimes Virginie would read to Tom, who* never read anything for himself. Sometimes she told him of the great world she had seen for a little and left forever. Once she told him the story of her engagement, and honest Tom was fain to own that the wickedness of man may be very astonishing. He meant white man, because he knew the colored varieties pretty well, and had gauged their moral possibilities. Sometimes they came upon little clearings inhabited by settlements of old Maroons who had long since forgotten their rancor against the white man, and among whom there was now none living, unless some very old patriarch, who remembered the lash and the labor. Then the fair white lady sat among them, and talked to the simple people.

A sweet and simple honey-moon, the prelude to a sweet and simple life. Perhaps Virginie will be happier with her garden and her flowers, her woods and hills, her sunshine and peace, than if she were the Lady of The Towers, even though her husband were the Bayard that Maude represented him to be.

Another wedding; it was so obscure that I do not know on what day it was held; but it was about the same time as Virginie's. That of Mr. Percival and Elsie. Nobody was present except Daddy Perigal and Violet and the boy. They have, as they proposed, clubbed their resources. Elsie is to go on governessing, while her husband shapes that spoon. It will never, I think, be a very remarkable spoon; but there will be some neatness and freshness in the design, some taste with conscientiousness in the execution; and the whole of the man's heart will be thrown into his work, so that, perhaps, there may presently happen to be found a few simple people who will look upon the spoon with a little admiration and a little sympathy.

THE END.

THE DEATH OF MAJOR LELAND.

Major George S. Leland, whose death occurred in this city on the 2d inst., was one of the most popular hotel proprietors in this country. He was comparatively a young man, not having completed his forty-fourth year. His birth-place was Landgrove, Vermont, but when he was a small boy his father removed to Cleveland, Ohio, and there the son was educated. At the age of twelve he was sent to this city to his uncle Simeon Leland, who at that time was proprietor of the old Clinton Hotel, which stood at Beekman and Nassau streets, on the ground now occupied by the new Kelly Building. Here he learned the rudiments of the business which he was to follow through most of his life, and, like most successful men, he began at the bottom of the ladder. He worked for his uncle as office-boy, and was so quick and apt in learning the business in all its details that in 1852, when the Metropolitan Hotel was opened by Simeon, Charles, and Warren Leland, he was given the position of clerk in that great caravansary. Here he remained for eight years, his genial manner and prompt attention to the wants of patrons making for him hosts of warm friends and admirers. In 1860 he took a temporary resting spell from hotel work, and went to Texas, where he assumed the management of an immense ranch belonging to his uncle Major William Leland. A year of rough out-door life did him much good. At the end of that time the war broke out, and he determined to join the army. His experience in the management of hotels made him an eminently fit man for the Commissary Department, and in the very beginning of hostilities President Lincoln issued a commission to him as Captain in the Commissary Department. He was sent to Harper's Ferry, Virginia, where he was made Dépôt Commissary—a position of great importance at this point. Afterward he was promoted to the rank of Major.

At the close of the war, in 1865, Major Leland returned to this city. In the summer of that year he took charge of the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga, and acted in that position for six years. In 1865 he also established a stock farm of two hundred acres at Euclid, near Cleveland, Ohio. The farm overlooks Lake Erie, and is one of the finest in Ohio. It was devoted to the raising of thorough-bred sheep and cattle, and some fine specimens of stock have been reared under Major Leland's supervision. In 1871 the Sturtevant House was opened under the management of George S. and Lewis Leland, his brother, and this house they have since managed.

Major Leland was married in 1873 to Miss Nan Ray. She lived but one year after her marriage, leaving her husband with an infant son. The Major was a portly man, his face beaming with kindliness and good-nature. His death is sincerely mourned by many friends.

A WEAPON IN THE WAR.

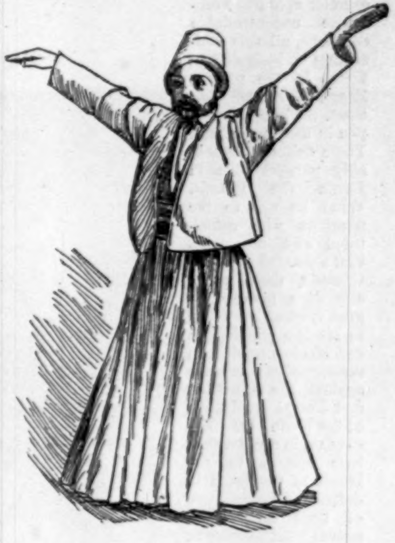
By J. G. LANSING.

"El Cul-la-aa!"—the Citadel.

"Hha-a-a-a!"—a strong aspirate guttural torn out of the throat, and uttered as the donkey-boy goads his animal for the usual spurt at the start.

We go through Cairo by the old broad crowded street of the Mooski. Turning to the right, we push through the market, where red slippers, brilliant Damascus silks, the perfume of attar of roses, the rustlings of gold and silver tinsel hangings in the shops, and withal a noisy motley mass of humanity intoxicate the senses. Then picking our way through the narrow, angular, dusky streets, we finally make our appearance again, as out of a tunnel, upon a broad thoroughfare. Passing by the famous and imposing mosque of Sultan Hassan, we soon begin the ascent of the elevation which the Citadel covers. Slowly climbing up the hard-beaten and high-walled road, we *finally dismount at the last gate, and then a few* steps brings us standing on the plateau of the mosque of Mohammed Ali, and almost directly under the tall, slender, tapering forms of its twin minarets. From the balmy air and white light of the moon outside we pass within. It is a large, lofty, gorgeously appearing room or space, where the red and yellow glare of hundreds of suspended lamps shines down upon the green and gold trappings of Mohammed Ali's tomb, the creamy alabaster of the great pillars, and the devout forms of many Durweeshes seated about upon the pavement, ready to begin their zikrs.

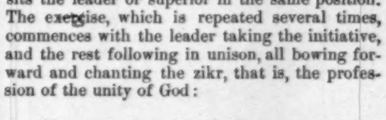
The Durweeshes are the religious devotees of the faith of El Islam. They are divided into four great orders, and these orders are again subdivided into a number of different sects. The four orders are under the authority of one principal head, titled Esh Sheykh El Bekree, who is a direct descendant of the first Caliph, Abou Bekr. These four orders are, (1) the Rifaeeyeh, (2) the Ckadireeyeh, (3) the Ahmedeeyeh, (4) the Boorhameeyeh. Prominent above other orders are the Rifaeeyeh Durweeshes, celebrated for their wonderful juggling performances, such as thrusting iron spikes through different parts of the body, eating live coals and broken glass, and handling with impunity venomous reptiles. One of the sects of this order of Durweeshes is far-famed in connection with the ceremony of the Doseh, or treading. This ceremony concludes the festivities celebrating the birth of the Prophet Mohammed. The Sheykh or chief of this sect rides on horseback over the bodies of a number of his Durweeshes and others, who may prostrate themselves upon the ground for that purpose. They lie down in number from fifty to one hundred and fifty, packed close together, with face downward, and forehead resting on the back of the hands, each being trodden upon twice by the horse and once by each groomsman on either side of the horse, while very few, and generally none, are injured, owing, doubtless, to that mad state of religious excitement in which they are when they lie down. This ceremony was abolished a few years since by Ismail, the father and predecessor of the present Khedive. The Ckadireeyeh Durweeshes are for the most part fishermen, and oftentimes figure prominently at the head of religious processions in mock battles. The honored order of the Ahmedeeyeh Durweeshes have a peculiar ceremony which they go through with on the concluding day of the festivities celebrating the birth of their patron saint Ahmed El Bedawee. A donkey is trained to enter into the mosque and up to the tomb of the saint, where the animal patiently stands, while multitudes crowd around to pluck off some of the hair, till the animal is entirely stripped of his coat, the hair thus captured being used as a charm. This ceremony takes place at Tantah—notorious in the present conflict for the atrocities that have there been committed. The Boorhameeyeh Durweeshes are scarcely less noted than the Rifaeeyeh, and have much in common with them. Besides these four orders of native Egyptian Durweeshes, there are also in Egypt quite a number of foreign Durweeshes, chiefly Persian and Turkish. They wear costumes or dresses peculiar to their respective orders, and are usually seen carrying about oblong bowls of cocoa-nut or metal in which to receive alms. No insignificant portion of the inhabitants of Egypt, artisans of all descriptions and grades, are Durweeshes, and not only those who are professionally devoted to performing feats, chanting zikrs, and arousing the smouldering fires of Islamic religion and revival.



A WHIRLING DURWEESH.

In popular conversation the Durweeshes are classified as *howling* and *dancing* or *whirling* Durweeshes. The howling Durweeshes are for the most part Egyptians. The whirling Durweeshes are for the most part Persians and Turks. The public performances of these Durweeshes may be seen at various times upon various occasions. They are generally present in the performances at the Moolids, or festivities celebrating the birthdays of different saints, and prominently so in connection with the Moolid En Neebee, or celebration of the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet. They also figure conspicuously at the head of religious processions, and eminently so at the head of that eventful and venerated procession of the Mahmil, or pilgrimage which leaves Cairo annually for Mecca, taking the new covering for the Kaaba. In the city of Cairo there are two places where these two classes of howling and whirling Durweeshes may be seen to the best advantage. *The whirling Durweeshes may be seen* at the mosque of El Hhasaneyn. About thirty Durweeshes form a large circle, joining the hands of their extended arms. The exercises begin with these Durweeshes bowing the head and body, at the same time taking a step to the right, and exclaiming, "Allah!"—O God! As soon as this performance commences, a Persian or Turkish Durweesh steps to the centre of the circle and begins to whirl, using both his feet to effect this motion, while his arms are extended. The motion is full of ease and grace, even when it increases to such velocity that the arms are scarcely distinguishable, and the skirt spreads and stands out at right angles with the body, while the Durweesh is seen to be moving on the tip of one foot. The whirling continues for about ten minutes, when, suddenly ceasing, the performer bows to the leader or superior, who stands within the ring, and retires, without betraying the least weariness or giddiness, and takes his place in the circle of Durweeshes, who have now become vehement in their marchings, bowings, and exclamations of "Allah!"

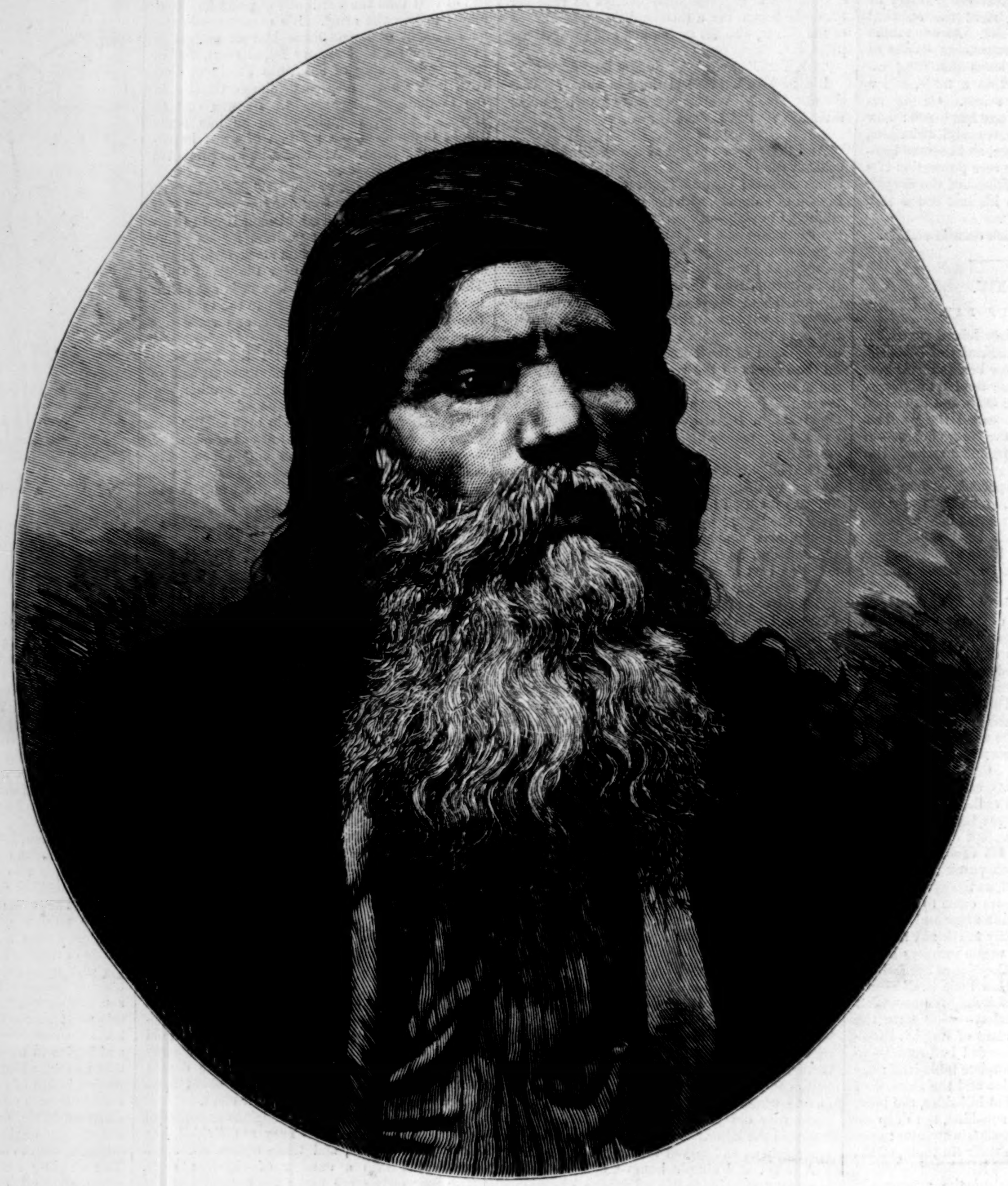
Outside of their stated place and time at Old Cairo the howling Durweeshes are seen to best advantage upon certain occasions at the Citadel of Cairo. As we enter that magnificent mosque of Mohammed Ali within the Citadel's inclosure, the Durweeshes are seen seated about cross-legged, or with knees bent sitting upon their feet, forming a semicircle, and at times more nearly a complete circle, at the centre of the opening of which sits the leader or superior in the same position. The exercise, which is repeated several times, commences with the leader taking the initiative, and the rest following in unison, all bowing forward and chanting the zikr, that is, the profession of the unity of God:



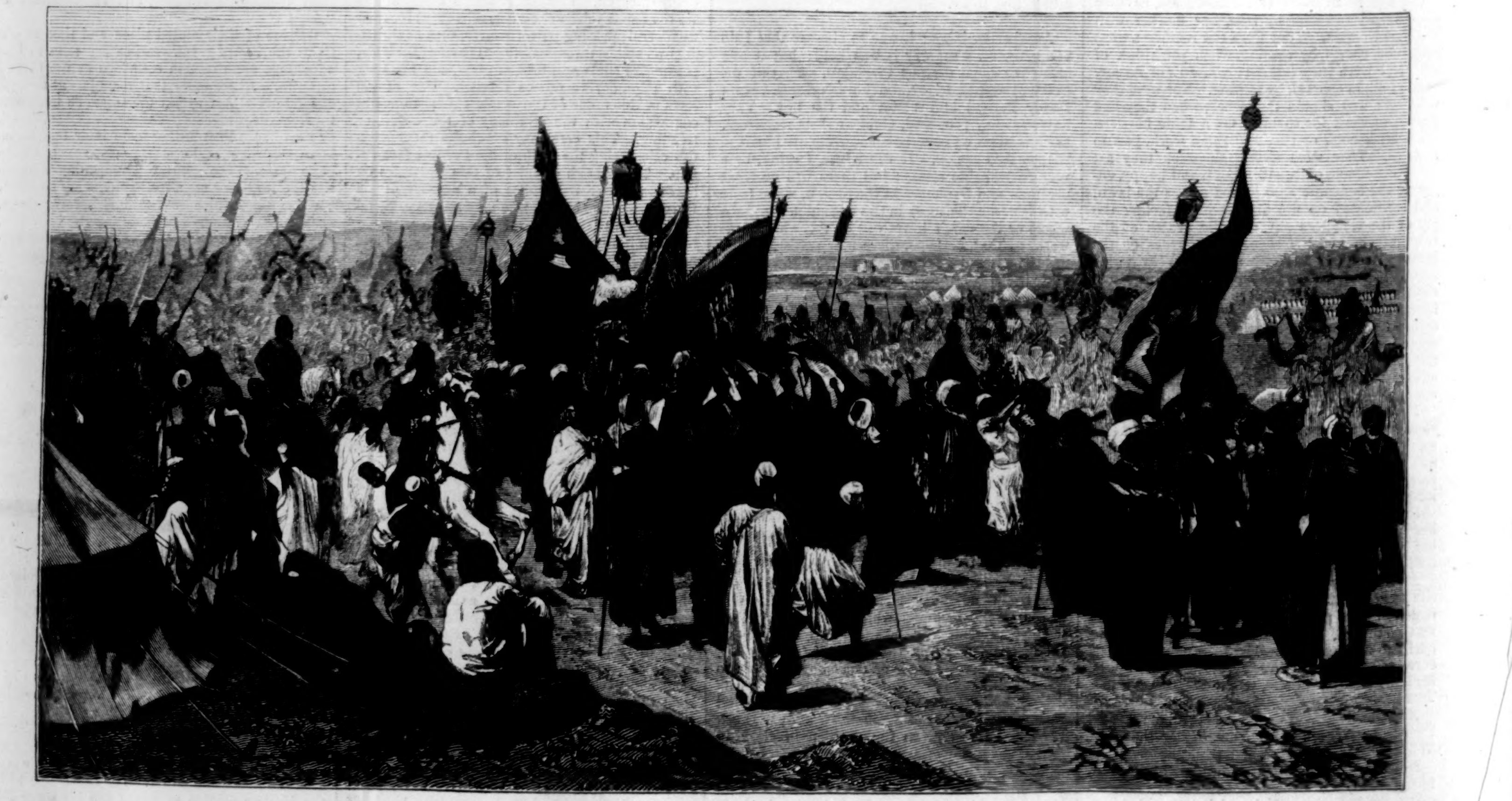
"There is no Deity but God." The bowing becomes more rapid and muscular, and the chanting more guttural and vociferous, until all those who compose the circle rise to their feet. Turbans and head-dresses are removed. The long hair of the Durweesh falls down in heavy waves covering almost his entire back. The chant is resumed, but is soon exchanged for the single and loud repetition of the name of the Deity as the excitement produced becomes more intense. The motion of the body becomes more violent, the swarthy face is overspread with a painful purple, the dark eyes grow savagely lustrous, while the long hair is tossed wildly backward and forward, corresponding to the motions of the body, as the chorus of voices repeat, shouting, "Allah! Allah! Allah!"

These Durweeshes are numerous in Egypt. They exert no inconsiderable authority over the populace. This authority is exclusively a religious influence and power. The veneration which the Moslem portion of Egypt has for these Durweeshes, the quick and strong susceptibility of this population to extreme religious emotions, as awakened and maintained by these Durweeshes, and the mesmeric control which these Durweeshes exercise over these otherwise uncontrollable emotions, all this constitutes no insignificant factor in the present Egyptian complications, no inferior weapon in the present war. There exists a remarkably parallel case in Peter the Hermit. What he was to the numbers who constituted and the spirit that animated the First Crusade, that, generally in a greater degree, is every Durweesh to Moslem populations and Moslem spirit with reference to a crusade against the Christian and liberal civilization of the West. Lord Macaulay, in a characteristic speech in the House of Commons in defense of the ministry of Lord Melbourne, proves what beneficent, as well as admits what evil, effects may be secured by means of agitation, and in so doing shows what almost unlimited power agitation may in time come to command, and from agitation what vast results may in time ensue. And while agitation may differ vastly in its moral character and physical effects, still its power in either case, good or bad, is unquestionable, and unquestionably great. This is precisely what these Durweeshes are—agitators. Professedly and devotedly they are agitators, religious agitators. As such they wield a power which the Western mind more frequently underestimates than overestimates. It is so with reference to the present situation in Egypt. The persons and parts of these Durweeshes in this war drama are leading and fully sustained.

The power of Arabi, the leader of the rebellion, is a dependent power — dependent upon the decisions and instructions of the Council of Oolama, and upon the offices of the Durweeshes, who, upon the authority and in support of the authority of these decisions and instructions, arouse the multitude to the defense of Islam, and fire them with such furious fanaticism and unwonted bravery as to court death rather than to conclude a peace in the least compromising to their exclusive principles. It was the famous Ali Pasha, not many years since Prime Minister of the Ottoman Empire, who said to an English official, "What we want is rather an increase in fanaticism than a diminution of it." And as with Ali Pasha then, so it is now on the part of many of like faith with him, that what they so say they are in the habit of meaning, and of doing their best to bring about. In bringing about this increase in fanaticism, in rousing this spirit of Islamic revival, already a great extant fact, it is readily seen how the Durweeshes, Durweeshes of all orders and sects, act a most important part. Sunnes or Sheahs, natives or exotics, Egyptians or Persians, they are, above all, members of the one great Moslem family, its religionists, its agitators, its pervading potent spirits. It is useless to deny, and perilous not to take into account, this element, and these characters who sustain such a relation to it. It is a positive, powerful element in the present conflict, a weapon of war which, suspiciously concealed or publicly wielded, is held by many, many hands, from the blue waters of the Bosporus to the white sands of Mecca. However, sooner or later, this potent weapon will be broken in pieces, and lie harmless in the course of that Christian civilization which, having come from the East, must also return thither, as in an orbit as certain and splendid as that of the stars.

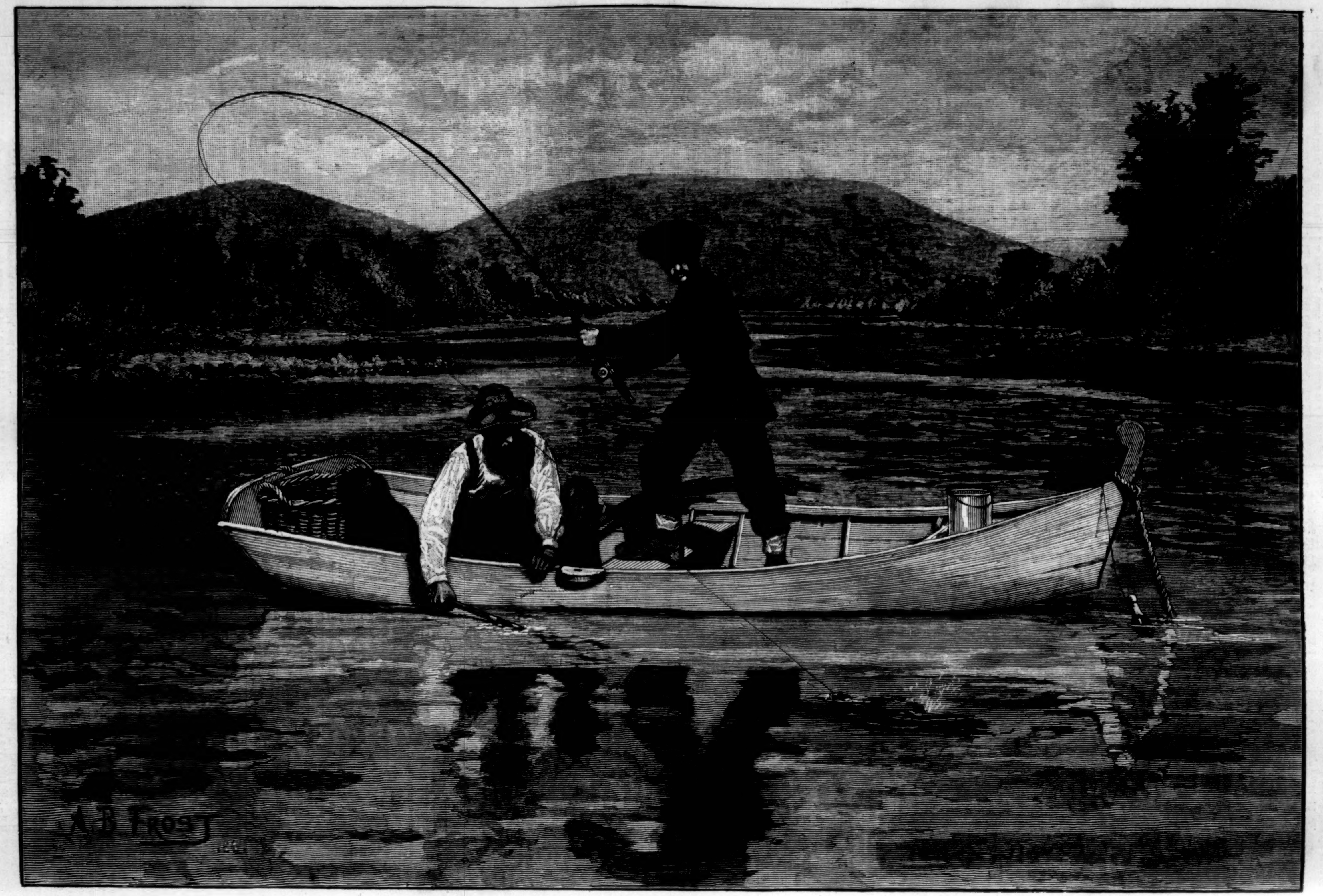


SUPERIOR OF THE HOWLING DURWEESHES.—From a Photograph.



"THE PROCESSION OF THE MAHMIL."

From a Painting.



BLACK BASS FISHING.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 523.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IX.

Doubleface, like others who have crime in hand, was startled by a sound the meaning of which he did not know, He thrust away his partner, and held her at arm's-length. "What is that?" said he.

"Only my lodger," said Elizabeth. "I'll go and see what she wants."

She stepped toward the door, against which Sarah was lying erect (I can describe it no other way), not insensible, but utterly limp and powerless to move, and indeed conscious that if she moved, she must fall headlong. At this crisis Doubleface turned jealous all of a sudden.

"No," said he; "bother your lodgers! I'm the master. Attend to me first. Here, help me off with my coat and waistcoat."

"Now give me my dressing-gown."

"Now my shoes."

At last he rolled into bed. Now Elizabeth Haynes suspected her lodger of listening, and she thought it was too bad. She resolved to catch her.

She took off her shoes and stole on tiptoe from the bed to the door. At the same moment, Sarah Mansell, having nothing more to learn, made an effort to escape from her post of agony. She laid a hand on the projection of the door, and tottered a little way; from that to a chair, which she clutched, and just as Elizabeth Haynes turned the door handle she sank down by the bed, and seizing the clothes convulsively, she sank on her knees with her arms helpless before her, as the door opened and Mrs. Haynes peeped in. Then that lady thought she was praying, and postponed her examination until the morning.

She was not so far wrong; for the first thing the betrayed wife did, when she had power, was to pray over her fatherless child. She prayed to God for hours, and I think He heard her. It did not appear so at first. In that horrible night she lived a life of agony. She thought of all she had done and suffered for that man, and she was the milch cow, and on the other side that door was the wife.

Three thousand miles from home—a deserted wife. If ever a woman lived a year of torture in a night, she did. It exhausted her body so that she actually fell asleep for half an hour.

She dreamed the events of years; but at last her ever-changing dream culminated in a vision. She saw before her her own little parlor. In it sat Deborah and Pinder looking at a picture. The picture had no features to her, but Deborah's face and Pinder's were quite clear, and beautiful with affection. They said it was *her* picture, as beautiful as herself, and they feared they should never see her again. She dreamed she wanted to comfort them, and say "You shall—you shall," but her tongue was tied. The two faces then became angelic with affection, and vanished.

She awoke. She came back by degrees to her own misery. But how is this? The anguish that was so keen remains, but no longer pierces, stuns, galls, and maddens. It is blunted, and her heart seems turned to stone.

"Villain—drunkard—thief and traitor," said she to herself. "All this time everybody knew him but me. I've shed my last tear for him. I've turned against him. I'm a stone."

She turned up the gas, and looked at Lucy. This moment she became conscious, then, that Lucy had no longer a rival in her heart.

She resolved to leave the place at once.

Suddenly she remembered the money Doubleface got out of her to make Lucy's fortune, as he said. She stooped over Lucy and kissed her, too softly to wake her. "No, my fatherless girl," said she, "money is nothing to me now, but they sha'n't rob *you*. You shall have your own, if they kill me."

She sat down quietly, and thought what was the best way to execute the design she had conceived in a moment; and not every one of us would have hit upon the right order of action so well. She began by doing in her own room all that could be done there at all. She put a small table near the gas-light, laid her scissors on it, threaded a needle, and fastened it to her sleeve.

Then she went softly, opened one of the folding-doors, and satisfied herself that Doubleface and his other wife were asleep. Then she slipped into their room and turned up their gas a very little, found his trousers, and his waistcoat under them, took away the waistcoat to her own room, and left the door ajar.

She brought the waistcoat to her table, cut the stitches, drew them away, took out the bank-notes, and put them in her bosom, all as coolly as possible.

Then she sat quietly down and sewed up the top of the pocket again, imitating the very number of the stitches she had originally put in.

Then she took the waistcoat, went into the next room, and put it back on the chair exactly where she had found it, and laid the trousers on it.

Then, having resumed her own, and no longer caring so very much whether she was caught or not by a man whom she could send to prison for bigamy, she actually drew the curtain back a little, and folding her arms, surveyed the couple steadily with such an expression as seldom looks out of mortal eye. The husband lay on his back snoring loud, as he always did after excess. The other woman he had deceived lay on her side as innocent as a child, and sleeping like one.

The resolute woman who looked on stood there to be cured or die. Her flesh crawled and quivered at first, but she stood and clinched her teeth, and deliberately burned this sight into her heart, that she might never forget it, nor, by forgetting, be induced to forgive it.

Soon the day dawned, and a servant unbolted the street door.

Then Sarah made Lucy get up in silence, both put on their bonnets, and she took the little girl through the other room, keeping her on her other side, so that she could see nothing, and walked out of the house without a word.

Late in the morning James Mansell awoke from a heavy sleep, and found himself alone in bed. He soon realized the situation drink had blunted overnight, and it frightened him. His thoughts were bitter. How drink had foiled all his cunning!

He had settled in his sober mind to play both women with consummate skill; not to go near Elizabeth in New York till he had settled Sarah in Boston, and staid with her a month at least. What was to be done now? Why, snatch a mouthful, and then hunt after Sarah and tell her some lie, and fly with her to Boston, and write Elizabeth another lie to account for his departure.

He burst through the folding-doors, and threw them both wide open for air. In the room his haggard face looked into sat Elizabeth, smiling and making his tea, and getting breakfast ready for him; her quick ear had heard him move in the bedroom.

"That's right," said he; "give me a morsel to eat. I must be off to the docks directly for my luggage."

"What, is your money and all at the docks?"

"Not likely. That never leaves me night and day."

"La! then you might show it to me," said she.

"Perhaps you don't believe I have got it," said he.

"The idea! Of course I believe your word." She filled him a cup of tea, and said no more. It was he who returned to the subject.

"Come, now, you'd like to see it, and make sure?"

"Why, Matthew," said she, "what woman wouldn't that had heard so much about it?"

"Here goes, then," said he, and took off his coat.

"What, in your coat?" said she. "Oh dear! That is not a very safe place, I am sure."

"Guess again," said he. Then he opened his waistcoat, and showed her the inside pocket.

She peered across the table at it, and approved.

"I see," said she. "Who'd have thought a man had so much sense?" On reflection, however, she was not so pleased. "Who sewed it in for you?" said she, sharply. "I can see the stitches from here. 'Twas a woman."

"Well, then, let a woman unsew it," was all the reply he deigned; and he chucked her the waistcoat, and went on with his breakfast very fast.

She took the waistcoat on her knee, whipped her scissors out of her pocket, and carefully snipped the stitches; then opened the pocket, and groped in it with her fingers. "Well, but," said she, "there's no money here."

"Gammon," said he, with his mouth full.

She groped it thoroughly. "But I say there isn't," said she.

"Don't tell lies. Give it me."

She gave it him, and watched him keenly, and even suspiciously.

He felt the pocket—groped it—clutched it—turned it inside out: there was nothing.

"What in heaven is this?" he gasped. "Am I mad? Am I dreaming? It is impossible. Cut the thing to pieces! Tear it to atoms! Robbed! robbed! I'll go for the police! I'll search every woman in the house." And he started wildly up.

But Elizabeth rose too, and said, very firmly: "You'll do nothing of the kind; there are no thieves here. Now sit down and think."

"I can't; I'm all in a whirl."

"You must. Tell me the name of all the bars you drank at before you came here."

He groaned, and mentioned several.

"Were there any women about?"

"Plenty at some of them."

"Did you take your coat off?"

"Not likely. I tell you I felt them in my pocket before I went to bed."

"Ah! you thought so, perhaps. Now who sewed them in for you?"

"No matter."

"Who sewed them in for you?"

"The tailor."

"No, Matthew, a woman sewed them in; and a woman sewed the empty pocket up again this last time. It is not a man's work, and, besides, men are not so artful as all that. There's more behind than you have told me," and she fell into a brown-study.

Doubleface took his resolution in a moment. He would go to the docks, wait there till Sarah came for her boxes, and tell her he had been set upon and robbed. Then he would go away with her and work for a month, till she got more money from England.

So he told Elizabeth he would take the police to all those bars, and he went out hastily.

She made no objection; she sat there, and brooded over this strange mystery.

By-and-by she had a visitor—an unexpected one, and one she could speak her mind to on this subject more openly than to her husband.

Sarah Mansell, on leaving that house, asked her way to the Custom-house. To her surprise it was very near. All her desire now was to get home. Her heart, always single, turned homeward entirely. Jealousy had tortured her too much. The torture that kills defeats itself, and her anguish had killed love as well as agonized it. And then she had her own special character; for women vary as men do: in some, jealousy preponderates so that they can not resign an unworthy man who belongs to them to another woman; in others, jealousy, though terribly powerful, is curbed by pride and self-respect. These are the high-spirited women who will be the only one or none; and note this, the more they love a man, the more they will have him all to themselves, or part with him root and branch: wild horses could not tear them from that alternative. These loving but resolute women belong to no class in society, and are found in every class. Books, journals, education, ignorance, neither make nor mar them. It is a law of their nature, though not the general law.

Sarah found that a steamboat started for England that day. She instantly took a berth for Lucy and herself, and meantime she took her boxes away in a cab, lest James Mansell should come and find them there, and wait about for her. She did not fear him one bit; but she abhorred the sight of him now.

She directed a carman to drive her to any good hotel he chose, only let it be a mile distant.

James Mansell came to the Custom-house, inquired for her boxes, and found that his wife had removed them and gone to a hotel. The carman who took her had not returned, but a person James feed promised to ask him on his return to what hotel he had driven the lady. Then Mansell went back to get some money from Elizabeth; for he had drunk all his loose cash the day before.

The visitor she received meantime was Solomon Grace. He came in rather sheepishly, and began to plead her permission, but she cut all that short very brusquely.

"You come at the right time. I have been robbed of £400."

Then she told him all that had passed between her and Matthew, and Solomon offered his theory, videlicet, that the notes had never existed.

"Well, then, I think they did," said Elizabeth. "But here's my trouble. There's a person I suspect; but I don't like to tell *him;* he might blame me for housing a stranger, and indeed it was a foolish thing of me—there!—I gave a night's lodging to an Englishwoman and her child. She said she had come by the boat, and lost her husband. I am afraid she never had one. Anyway, she slept here in this very room, and, Solomon, whilst my man was telling me in there he had got me the £400, she came bounce against that door, and I thought at the time she was listening."

"She is the one that did the trick," was Solomon's conclusion.

However, to make sure, he asked if Mr. Haynes had told her where the notes were while the woman was listening.

"He must have," said Elizabeth. Then she thought a bit. "Why, la, no, he didn't. She could hear no more than I did, and certainly I didn't know, nor he didn't tell me until this morning, breakfast-time. There—she couldn't know—unless she had sewn them in, and that's against all reason. It's a mystery; it is quite beyond me."

Solomon puzzled over it in turn. He said there was a good-looking woman sat waiting for her husband best part of two hours at the Custom-house, and a child with her.

"A girl?"

"Yes, a girl."

"What had she on?"

"Didn't observe."

"What was the child like?"

"Darkish—beautiful black eyes—a picture!"

"That is them, I shouldn't wonder. You saw no husband, I'll go bail."

"Ay, but I did—saw his back, however. That one is no thief—a plain, honest woman, with a face something between a calf and an angel."

"Indeed," said Elizabeth, "she looked honest; and if her tale was true, it seems hard to suspect her. But it is a puzzle."

Then Solomon Grace summed up the evidence: "He drinks and gambles. One of those ways is enough. Such a man is soon eased of £400 in New York city. I've seen a many drained out here with dice and drink, but I never knew a fool's pocket picked of notes sewn into the lining. Puzzle or not, that's a lie, I swan."

The latter part of this summing up was heard by Mr. Mansell from the parlor, he having slipped into the house the back way. He came in lowering, and put in his word. "Did you ever know an honest man slip into a house and backbite a man to his wife?"

Solomon turned red with ire and shame, for his position was not a perfect one. "Can't say ever I did, but I've known folk the truth was pison to wherever told."

"And the truth is that you are a discarded lover of my wife's, and a mischief-making hypocrite."

Elizabeth was alarmed, for she knew Solomon could wring this bantam's neck in a moment, and she had no blind confidence in his pacific disposition, though he vaunted it so highly. "La! Matthew, do you want every bone in your skin broken? And, Solomon, you must excuse him for my sake; he is in great trouble. I won't detain you at present."

"That means make tracks," said poor Solomon. "I'm pacific," said he, almost crying with vexation. "I'll go sartain. I'd better go. But, Britisher—"

"Well, what is it, old Ohio?"

"A word at parting."

"In Chicageese?"

"Every dog his day. That's English, I rather think."

When he was gone, Elizabeth took a cheerful tone. She told James she did not for one moment believe he had drunk or gambled away £400. "But," said she, "it is no use being angry with Solomon Grace for saying what all the world says." Then after a little while she played the philosopher. "If you gave me my choice, and said, 'Will you have £400 or a sober, industrious husband?' do you think I'd choose the money? Never. So don't let us cry over spilt milk, but just you drop gambling—you don't drink as you used—and we shall do first-rate. The house is full, and all the lodgers like me. It always will be full now. Starting was the only trouble. I will undertake to keep you if you will only spend your evenings with me."

James Mansell pretended to jump at these terms, and Elizabeth invited him to go out walking with her in an hour's time.

He agreed with feigned alacrity, and she dressed for the occasion, and they walked out arm in arm, she gay as a lark, he moody and distracted, and attending to her flow of talk only by fits and starts.

Meanwhile Mrs. Mansell and Lucy had a nice wash and a good breakfast, and by-and-by a conveyance was at the door to take their boxes to the boat.

But Lucy was most unwilling. "Oh, mamma," she said, "we have only just come."

"I can't help that," was the dogged reply.

"But everything is so beautiful, and the people so kind: they call me miss!"

"My child," said her mother, "I must go home. Wounded creatures all go home; and I am wounded to the heart. I have nobody now but you: be kind to me."

Lucy flung her arms round her mother's neck. "Oh, mamma, I'll go with you to Jericho."

[to be continued.]

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KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS ALTIFIORLA RISES IN THE WORLD.

During this time a correspondence, more or less regular, was maintained between Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis Geraldine. Sir Francis had gone to Scotland for the shooting, and rather liked the interest of Miss Altifiorla's letters. It must be understood that it had commenced with the lady rather than the gentleman. But that was a fact of which he was hardly aware. She had written him a short note in answer to some questions he had asked respecting Mrs. Western when he had been in Exeter, and this she had done in such a manner as to make sure of the coming of a further letter. The further letter had come, and thus the correspondence had been commenced. It was no doubt chiefly in regard to Mrs. Western, or at first pretended to be so. Miss Altifiorla thought it right to speak always of her old friend with affectionate kindness, but still with considerable severity. The affectionate kindness might go for what it was worth; but it was the severity, or rather the sarcasm, which gratified Sir Francis. And then Miss Altifiorla gradually adopted a familiar strain, into which Sir Francis fell readily enough. In fact, Sir Francis found that a young woman who would joke with him, and appear to follow his lead in her joking, was more to his taste than an austere beauty such as had been his last love.

"Lady Grant is here at this moment," Miss Altifiorla said in one of her letters. She had by this time fallen into that familiar style of writing which hardly declared whether it belonged to a man's letter or a woman's. "I suppose you know who Lady Grant is. She is your fortunate rival's magnificent widowed sister, and has come here, I presume, to endeavor to set matters right. Whether she will succeed may be doubtful. She is the exact ditto of her brother, who of all human beings gives himself the finest airs. But Cecilia since her separation has given herself airs too, and now leads her lonely life with her nose high among the stars. Poor dear Cecilia! her misfortunes do not become her, and I think they have hardly been deserved. They are all the result of your bitter vengeance, and though I must say that she in sort deserves it, I think that you might have spared her. After all, she has done you no harm. Consider where you would be with Cecilia Holt for your wife and guardian. Hard though you are, I do not think you would have been hard enough to treat her as he has done. Indeed, there is an audacity about his conduct to which I know no parallel. Fancy a man marrying a wife, and then instantly bidding her go home to her mother when he finds that she once liked another man better than himself! I wonder whether the law couldn't touch him? But you have escaped from all that, and I really can't understand why you should be so awfully cruel to the poor girl." Then she signed herself "Yours always, F. A.," as though she had not been a woman at all.

In all this there was much guile. She had already taken the length of his foot, and knew how to flatter him, and to cheat him at the same time. "That poor young woman of mine seems to have got into difficulties," he said to Dick Ross, who had gone down with him to Scotland.

"You have made the difficulties for her," said Dick.

"Well, I paved the way, perhaps. That was only justice. Did she think that she was going to hit me, and that she wasn't to be hit in return?"

"A woman," growled Dick.

"Women are human beings the same as men, and when they make themselves beasts, have got to be punished. You can't horsewhip a woman; but if you look at it all round, I don't see that she ought to get off so much better than a man. What the devil! She is a human creature, and ought to be made to feel as a man feels."

But this did not suit Dick's morality or his sense of chivalry. According to his thinking, a woman in such matters ought to be allowed to do as she pleased, and the punishment, if punishment there is to be, must come from the outside. "I shouldn't like to have done it, that's all."

"You've always treated women well, haven't you?"

"I don't say that. I don't know that I've ever treated anybody particularly well. But I never set my wits to work to take my revenge on a woman."

"Look here, old fellow," said Sir Francis, "you had better contrive to make yourself less disagreeable, or else you and I must part. If you think that I am going to be lectured by you, you're mistaken."

"You ask me, and how can I help answering you? It was a shabby trick. And now you may bluster as much as you please." Then the two sat together smoking in silence for five minutes. It was after breakfast on a rainy day, such as always made Dick Ross miserable for the time. He had to think of creditors whom he could not pay, and of his future life, which did not lie easily open before him, and of all the years which he had misused. Circumstances had lately thrown him much into the power of this man, whom he heartily disliked and despised, but at whose hands he had been willing to accept many of the luxuries of his life. But still he resolved not to be put down in the expression of his opinions, although he might in truth be turned off at a moment's notice. "You are corresponding with that old woman now."

"What do you know about my correspondence?"

"I know just what you told me. That letter there is from the lady with the Italian name. She is more of a devil than you are, I believe." At hearing this, Sir Francis only laughed. "If you don't take care, she'll make you marry her, and then where will you be?"

"Where would you be, old fellow?"

"It don't much matter where I should be," said poor Dick. "There's a revolver upstairs, and I sometimes think that I had better use it. Thank God, I've nothing but myself to look after. I've no baronetcy and no estate, and can destroy none but myself. You can't hurt me very much. I'll tell you what it is, Geraldine—you want a wife, so that you may cut out your cousin from the property. You're a good-looking fellow, and you can talk, and, as chance would have it, you had, I imagine, got hold of a true lady. But she found you out."

"What did she find out?"

"The sort of fellow that you are. She met you among the Dean's people, and had to find you out before she knew you. However, she did before it was too late, and she gave you the sack."

"That's your idea."

"She did," said Dick, boldly. "And there should have been an end of it. I don't say but what it might have been as well for you as for her. But it suited you to have your revenge, and you've had it."

"I rather think I have," said Sir Francis.

"But you've got a woman to help you in getting it who seems to have been as spiteful as you, without any excuse. I shouldn't think that she'd make a good wife. But if you don't take care, she'll be yours." Then Dick got up and walked out of the room with his pipe in his mouth, and went into his bedroom, thinking that it might be as well for him to pack up and take his departure. The quarters they were in were, as he declared to himself, "beastly" in wet weather; but his shirts hadn't come from the wash, and he had no vehicle to take him to the railway station without sending for a fly. And after all what he had said to Sir Francis was not much worse than what had often been said before. So he chucked off his slippers, and threw himself upon the bed, thinking that he might as well endeavor to get through the morning by going to sleep.

Sir Francis, when he found himself alone, began to think over all the circumstances of his present position. Among those circumstances Dick Ross was one. When he had intended to marry Miss Holt, he had determined to get rid of Dick. Indeed, Dick had been got rid of partially, and had begun to talk of going to Canada, or the Cannibal Islands, by way of beginning the work of his life. Then Sir Francis had been jilted, and Dick had again become indispensable to him. But Dick had ever had a nasty way of speaking his mind and blowing up his patron, which sometimes became very oppressive to the Baronet. And now at the present moment he was more angry with him for what he had said as to Miss Altifiorla than for his remarks as to his conduct to the other lady. All that was simply severe in Dick's words he took for a compliment. If Dick found fault with his practice, he at any rate acknowledged his success. But his remarks as to the second lady had been very uncourteous. He had declared that she with the Italian name was a worse devil even than himself, and had warned him not to marry the devil. Now he had nearly made up his mind that he would marry her. With all the ladies with whom he had hitherto been connected he had become aware that in marrying them he must more or less alter his manner of life. With Miss Altifiorla no such alteration would be necessary. He attributed a certain ease which she possessed to her Italian blood, and thought that he would be able to get on with her very comfortably. To marry was imperative with him, because of his cousin. But he thought that were he to marry Miss Altifiorla, he might continue to live his ordinary life almost without interruption. He had considered that in doing so he need not even dismiss Dick Ross. But now, in consequence partly of the great discourtesy of Dick's remarks, and partly from his strong inclination for Miss Altifiorla, he began to think that, after all, Dick had better go. Just at this moment Dick's fortunes were, he knew, very low. One sum of money had been lost at cards, and another sum of money had not come. Dick's funds were almost absolutely worn out. But that was only a reason the more for parting with him. He did not care to have to deal with a man who had to wear out his old clothes in his house because he had not credit with his tailor to get a new coat and trousers. He thought that he would part with Dick, but he had not quite made up his mind when he sat down to write his letter to Miss Altifiorla.

"My dear Miss Altifiorla," he said, "I really don't see that you have any reason to blow me up as you do about 'poor Cecilia.' I do not think that poor Cecilia has had it at all hotter than she has deserved; and when you tell me that I have been awfully cruel to the poor girl, you seem to forget that the poor girl began the war by being awfully cruel to me. If you and I should ever come to know each other, you may be sure that I shall never treat any woman well because she has treated me badly. It's a kind of gallantry I can not understand, and must make a man's conduct quite indifferent to the sex generally. If you're to treat all alike, whether they run straight or bolt, why shouldn't they all bolt? It would come to the same thing in the end. There is Dick Ross been making himself uncommonly disagreeable on the same subject. I don't mind your lecturing me a little—chiefly because you don't think it; but I'll be hanged if I take it from him. He has not done so very well himself that he is entitled to blow up any one.

"Mind you write and tell me what happens over at St. David's." (Mrs. Holt lived in Exeter at St. David's.) "I shall be glad to know whether that respectable person, Mr. Western, comes back again. I don't think she'll have a good time if he does, and if he don't I sha'n't break my heart." Then he put his pen down and sat for a while thinking what should be his last paragraph. Should he put an end to all his doubts, and straightway make his offer, or should he dally a little longer, and still keep the power in his own hands? At last he said to himself that even if he wrote it, his letter would not go till to-morrow morning, and he would have the night to think about it. This consideration got the better of his prudence, and he did write it, simply beginning a new sentence on the page. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough to make a match of it? There is a question for you to answer on your own behalf, instead of blowing me up for my cruelty to Cecilia Holt."

Then he signed his name, "Yours ever, F. G."

Miss Altifiorla when she received the letter was surprised, but not startled. She had expected that it would come, but not so quickly; and it may be said of her that she had quite made up her mind as to the final answer to be given if it should come. But still she had to think much about it before she wrote her reply. It might be very well for him to be sudden, but any over-suddenness on her part would put him on his guard. If he should be made to feel alarmed at what he had done, if he should be once frightened at his own impetuousness and hers, he would soon find his way back again out of the difficulty. But still she must flatter him, still she must make him think that she loved him. It would not at all do for her to write as though the thing were impossible. Then in a pleasant reverie she gave herself up for a while to meditating over the sudden change which had come upon her views of life. She remembered how strong she had been in recommending Cecilia not to marry this man, and how she had congratulated her when she found that she had escaped. And she remembered the severe things she had said about Mr. Western. But in her thoughts there was nothing of remorse, or even of regret. "Well, well, that it should have come to this! That he should have escaped from Cecilia and have chosen me! Upon the whole, it will be much better for him. I shall tread on his corns less than she would, and be less trodden upon, too, than she. It may be that I must tread on his corns a little, but I will not begin till after my marriage." Such was the nature of her thoughts. Perhaps an idea did creep in as to some awkwardness when she should meet Cecilia. But they could never see much of each other, and it might be that there would be no such meeting. "What does it matter?" she said, as she turned to her writing-table.

But this was not till three days had passed after the receipt of the proposal. Three days, she thought, was a fitting time to show that though hurried by an affair of so much moment, she was not too much hurried. And then she wrote as follows:

"My dear Sir Francis,—Your letter has almost taken away my breath. Why, you know nothing or little about me! And since we have been acquainted with each other our conversation has chiefly been about another lady to whom you were engaged to be married. Now you ask me to be your wife; at least, if I understand your letter, that is its purport. If I am wrong, of course you will tell me so.

"But of course I know that I am not wrong; and of course I am flattered, and of course pleased. What I have seen of you I have altogether liked, and I do not know why we should not be happy together. But marriage! marriage is a most important step—as, no doubt, you are well aware. Though I am quite earnest in what I am saying, still I can not but smile, and can fancy that you are smiling, as though after all it were but a joke. However, give me but one week to think of it all, and then I will answer you in sober earnest.

"Yours ever (as you sign yourself), F. A."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLACK BASS.

Those enterprises, whether of war or sport, whose success is measurably enhanced by their accomplishment in the earliest hours of the day, either immediately preceding or following the dawn, are those which to the human race possess the greatest element of fascination. Fishing for black bass is one of these, for the hours between the break of day and nine o'clock in the morning are those in which these fish are taken in the greatest abundance.

Of all fresh-water fish, with the exception of the salmon, the black bass holds the highest place, no less for its game qualities than for its richness of flavor and delicacy of flesh, although there can never exist a comparison between fish of the sweet and salt water, the latter in all cases being so far superior for edible purposes. Black bass vary in weight from one to five pounds. Its length is three times its depth; the genuine fish may always be known by the red spot on the eye. There are so many varieties of fresh-water bass, this peculiar marking serves as an infallible guide to distinguish the black bass from what are known as the Oswego bass, the black bass of the South, the spotted bass, and the rock bass of the lakes, none of which is to be compared in game qualities or in flavor with the true black bass, whose color in the young fish is a light green. It changes its hue until it reaches full growth, when the head, back, and shoulders assume an almost pure black, the sides shading off into a rich yellow bronze. To take black bass one must be expert and experienced; moreover, the best of tackle should be used, for no fish will run more line off the reel. When struck, they dash off with extraordinary vigor, and display considerable invention and resource in their efforts to cast out the hook.

The black bass is found in the greatest number in the Niagara River, the Lake of the Thousand Isles, Lake Erie and the rivers emptying therein, also in the tributaries of Lakes Michigan, Huron, Simcoe, and Ontario. They are also found in many of the smaller lakes with which the Canadian provinces are dotted. It is on these that the best sport may be found, as they are but little fished, for they are wide of the usual haunt of the tourist. These choice fishing grounds are known to but few, to whom they are dear in the reminiscences of many delightful days passed upon the placid waters. The tavern or hotel is unknown there, and shelter must be found either under some improvised shed or in a rude cabin where accommodations and food are of the most primitive character. Now and again the fisherman in his explorations stumbles upon one of these simple structures close by the edge of some small lake buried deep in the Canadian woods. The occupants and owners of these log huts are often persons who have been reared amid very different surroundings. The proprietor is not unfrequently the younger son of some gentle English family, a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, who, tempted by the roseate accounts of the charm of the life in this English colony, purchases a large tract of these wild lands, and settles upon them. He imparts a portion of his enthusiasm to some tenderly reared English girl, who joins her hand and fortune with his. Together in the buoyancy of inexperience they migrate to the promised land, full of eager hopes. With the instincts of the sportsman rather than that of the practical agriculturist, the exile rears his home near the edge of some lake—a selection admirable as the abode of the opulent man of leisure, but in no wise fitted for that of one who must depend upon the cultivation of the soil for the support of himself and family.

Fascinated by the novelty of this new life and by the abundance of the sports of the field, both of fishing and shooting, to be found at his very door, he gives himself to the full enjoyment of the same. Even in this humble cabin he endeavors to maintain the social formalities of his former life. With punctilious exactness he dons a dress-coat at the late dinner prepared with infinite toil by his bride, who already begins to pine under the dreary monotony of this isolated life. Babies make their appearance with a fatal and measured regularity. The small stock of money contributed by both comes to an end, and the quondam swell, to keep the wolf from the door, is forced to put his neck to the yoke, and till with frantic zeal the not overproductive soil. The rod and gun are thrown aside, and perish by accident or neglect. He no longer heeds the graces of the toilet, his beard attains a straggling and unkempt growth, and the dress-coat at dinner is replaced by a shirt of red flannel. Dinner, which in the earlier days was the notable event of the day, has now become the hurried repast of noon. It is hastily eaten amid the discordant yells of a numerous progeny. The once blooming bride has been effaced, and a haggard woman, ill and overworked, greets him with anxious and inquiring looks.

It is an interesting experience to encounter one of these disillusioned gentlemen emigrants. By accident one stumbles upon him while in search of one of these sequestered Canadian lakes. He is encountered suddenly on the edge of a clearing laboriously tilling a scanty and struggling crop. The interchange of a few words, the freemasonry of sportsmen, draws from him a hospitable greeting. Notwithstanding his well-worn and dilapidated clothing, suggestive of anything but the former swell and man about town, a certain distinction of manner and speech reveal his gentle origin. With the sense of hospitality his by instinct and training he insists that the strangers shall go to his house. The farming implements are thrown aside, and he leads the way. As he approaches his home he raises his voice—evidently a pre-arranged signal that strangers are at hand. A number of juvenile faces instantly make their appearance at the windows. There is the sound of hurried preparation. When we enter the principal apartment, we are greeted by the partner of his toils with the same ease and grace of manner as though she were the happy and prosperous mistress of a noble English home, instead of the wearied occupant of a log cabin in the Canada woods.

It is our good fortune to be provided with a plentiful stock of provisions, both fluid and solid. These are unpacked at the door, and for one night at least our entertainers revel in long-unknown luxuries. The next morning our host insists upon guiding us to the choice fishing grounds of his lake. It is a pleasure to put the well-made rod into his hands, and, with perfect tools, see his masterly skill in casting the fly. In the excitement of the sport and surroundings his listless, despondent air takes wings. His form resumes its youthful suppleness. He laughs with a joyous freedom as he plays with easy grace the vigorous, impetuous bass. Under the influence of the champagne of the mid-day lunch he is once more of the crew of the university eight, the howling swell, the man of fortune and of leisure. Not until we approach the shore, and come in sight of the log cabin on the bank, is he aught else. Then a transformation as in a pantomime takes place, and our joyous companion of the day is again the weary, anxious, troubled man of toil. One wishes on such an occasion that he might wield the wand of a fairy—with a touch change the humble cabin into a luxurious mansion, turn the barren land into a blooming park, and transform his host and hostess into prosperous and wealthy proprietors. It would not come amiss, for they are "to the manner born."

Gaston Fay.

THE NEW HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

The inauguration of the new building which replaces the historic Hôtel de Ville, destroyed by the Communists, took place on the 13th of July, the day before the National Fête.

Although somewhat premature, the solemnity was brilliant, although, of course, the improvised decorations, which in the space of a few weeks had transformed bare walls and vast spaces without floors or ceilings into reception-rooms, can not be compared with the splendid festivities which took place under the edileship of Houssmann.

Imagine immense staircases of verdure adorned with baskets of rare flowers and inundated with light; galleries with gilt trellis-work; a suite of grand rooms furnished for the Garde Mobile, and hung with ancient tapestry; the banquet hall decorated by Levastre, the famous scenic artist of the Grand Opera; a ceiling bright with gold; a profusion of torches, statues, lustres, ferns, palms, and mirrors; a torrent of electric light blending with the warmer blaze of the gas; the outlines of the building marked out with rows of lamps, arcades of colored lamps stretching in long perspective around the square, while Bengal-lights were shedding their brilliant rays in all directions—imagine this, and you have some idea of the scene.

The fête began at five o'clock by a review of the *bataillon scolaire*, or the regiment of schoolboys, who marched past in a marine uniform. Then came the great banquet for five hundred and fifty guests, served by one hundred and forty *maîtres d'hôtel*. The guests included the President of the Republic, the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, the ministers, the foreign ambassadors, the Senators and Deputies of the Department of the Seine, the Municipal Council, the mayors of foreign cities (the Lord Mayor of London was invited, but had the bad taste to decline), mayors of the large cities of France, delegates of working-men, representatives of the army, the civil service, etc., etc.

The President gave the Cross of the Legion of Honor to M. Alphaud M. Ballu, and M. Deperthes, architects, to M. Riffaud, the contractor for the building, and M. Carrier, the clerk of the works. M. Songeon, the President of the City Council, proposed the health of the President of the Republic. M. Grévy, in acknowledging it, drank to the city of Paris, "which sees rising from its ruins its old Hôtel de Ville, the theatre, often glorious, sometimes stormy, always striking, of the dramatic events which fill her varied history. . . . I drink to Paris, which has taken so brilliant a share in the development of French civilization: to this centre of living light, to this home of letters, of science, of the fine arts, sublime productions of genius which constitute the charm of life for individuals, and the true grandeur of nations. To the city of Paris!" Then the applause broke out, the "Marseillaise" was played, and the company adjourned to the Council-Chamber, where a concert was given by artists from the Academy of Music. Meanwhile on the ground-floor the boy-soldiers had their dinner, and listened to patriotic speeches from M. Jules Ferry and others.

But both the banquet halls were soon cleared, for they had to be prepared for the reception of the evening. At nine o'clock the doors of the Rue Lobau were opened and the crowd poured in, filling the court, flooding the saloons and grand staircase, and flowing from room to room, where the concerts were going on, while quietly and prudently M. Grévy and his ministers retired before the rising tide of eight thousand guests. From this time onward the sideboards were taken by storm, and the rooms crowded with a motley throng, in which dress-coats and blouses, new fashions and old, were inextricably blended. At midnight the "Marseillaise" was played as the signal for departure.

The following day, the 14th, was the National Fête. It was celebrated by gratuitous performances at the theatres, a review in the Bois de Boulogne, balloon ascents, and free circuses for the children. In the evening the city was illu-

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MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IX.

Doubleface, like others who have crime in hand, was startled by a sound the meaning of which he did not know. He thrust away his partner, and held her at arm's-length. "What is that?" said he.

"Only my lodger," said Elizabeth. "I'll go and see what she wants."

She stepped toward the door, against which Sarah was lying erect (I can describe it no other way), not insensible, but utterly limp and powerless to move, and indeed conscious that if she moved, she must fall headlong. At this crisis Doubleface turned jealous all of a sudden.

"No," said he; "bother your lodgers! I'm the master. Attend to me first. Here, help me off with my coat and waistcoat."

"Now give me my dressing-gown."

"Now my shoes."

At last he rolled into bed. Now Elizabeth Haynes suspected her lodger of listening, and she thought it was too bad. She resolved to catch her.

She took off her shoes and stole on tiptoe from the bed to the door. At the same moment, Sarah Mansell, having nothing more to learn, made an effort to escape from her post of agony. She laid a hand on the projection of the door, and tottered a little way; from that to a chair, which she clutched, and just as Elizabeth Haynes turned the door handle she sank down by the bed, and seizing the clothes convulsively, she sank on her knees with her arms helpless before her, as the door opened and Mrs. Haynes peeped in. Then that lady thought she was praying, and postponed her examination until the morning.

She was not so far wrong; for the first thing the betrayed wife did, when she had power, was to pray over her fatherless child. She prayed to God for hours, and I think He heard her. It did not appear so at first. In that horrible night she lived a life of agony. She thought of all she had done and suffered for that man, and she was the milch cow, and on the other side that door was the wife.

Three thousand miles from home—a deserted wife. If ever a woman lived a year of torture in a night, she did. It exhausted her body so that she actually fell asleep for half an hour.

She dreamed the events of years; but at last her ever-changing dream culminated in a vision. She saw before her her own little parlor. In it sat Deborah and Pinder looking at a picture. The picture had no features to her, but Deborah's face and Pinder's were quite clear, and beautiful with affection. They said it was *her* picture, as beautiful as herself, and they feared they should never see her again. She dreamed she wanted to comfort them, and say "You shall—you shall," but her tongue was tied. The two faces then became angelic with affection, and vanished.

She awoke. She came back by degrees to her own misery. But how is this? The anguish that was so keen remains, but no longer pierces, stuns, galls, and maddens. It is blunted, and her heart seems turned to stone.

"Villain—drunkard—thief and traitor," said she to herself. "All this time everybody knew him but me. I've shed my last tear for him. I've turned against him. I'm a stone."

She turned up the gas, and looked at Lucy. This moment she became conscious, then, that Lucy had no longer a rival in her heart.

She resolved to leave the place at once.

Suddenly she remembered the money Doubleface got out of her to make Lucy's fortune, as he said. She stooped over Lucy and kissed her, too softly to wake her. "No, my fatherless girl," said she, "money is nothing to me now, but they sha'n't rob *you*. You shall have your own, if they kill me."

She sat down quietly, and thought what was the best way to execute the design she had conceived in a moment; and not every one of us would have hit upon the right order of action so well. She began by doing in her own room all that could be done there at all. She put a small table near the gas-light, laid her scissors on it, threaded a needle, and fastened it to her sleeve.

Then she went softly, opened one of the folding-doors, and satisfied herself that Doubleface and his other wife were asleep. Then she slipped into their room and turned up their gas a very little, found his trousers, and his waistcoat under them, took away the waistcoat to her own room, and left the door ajar.

She brought the waistcoat to her table, cut the stitches, drew them away, took out the bank-notes, and put them in her bosom, all as coolly as possible.

Then she sat quietly down and sewed up the top of the pocket again, imitating the very number of the stitches she had originally put in.

Then she took the waistcoat, went into the next room, and put it back on the chair exactly where she had found it, and laid the trousers on it.

Then, having resumed her own, and no longer caring so very much whether she was caught or not by a man whom she could send to prison for bigamy, she actually drew the curtain back a little, and folding her arms, surveyed the couple steadily with such an expression as seldom looks out of mortal eye. The husband lay on his back snoring loud, as he always did after excess. The other woman he had deceived lay on her side as innocent as a child, and sleeping like one.

The resolute woman who looked on stood there to be cured or die. Her flesh crawled and quivered at first, but she stood and clinched her teeth, and deliberately burned this sight into her heart, that she might never forget it, nor, by forgetting, be induced to forgive it.

Soon the day dawned, and a servant unbolted the street door.

Then Sarah made Lucy get up in silence, both put on their bonnets, and she took the little girl through the other room, keeping her on her other side, so that she could see nothing, and walked out of the house without a word.

Late in the morning James Mansell awoke from a heavy sleep, and found himself alone in bed. He soon realized the situation drink had blunted overnight, and it frightened him. His thoughts were bitter. How drink had foiled all his cunning!

He had settled in his sober mind to play both women with consummate skill; not to go near Elizabeth in New York till he had settled Sarah in Boston, and staid with her a month at least. What was to be done now? Why, snatch a mouthful, and then hunt after Sarah and tell her some lie, and fly with her to Boston, and write Elizabeth another lie to account for his departure.

He burst through the folding-doors, and threw them both wide open for air. In the room his haggard face looked into sat Elizabeth, smiling and making his tea, and getting breakfast ready for him; her quick ear had heard him move in the bedroom.

"That's right," said he; "give me a morsel to eat. I must be off to the docks directly for my luggage."

"What, is your money and all at the docks?"

"Not likely. That never leaves me night and day."

"La! then you might show it to me," said she.

"Perhaps you don't believe I have got it," said he.

"The idea! Of course I believe your word." She filled him a cup of tea, and said no more. It was he who returned to the subject.

"Come, now, you'd like to see it, and make sure?"

"Why, Matthew," said she, "what woman wouldn't that had heard so much about it?"

"Here goes, then," said he, and took off his coat.

"What, in your coat?" said she. "Oh dear! That is not a very safe place, I am sure."

"Guess again," said he. Then he opened his waistcoat, and showed her the inside pocket.

She peered across the table at it, and approved.

"I see," said she. "Who'd have thought a man had so much sense?" On reflection, however, she was not so pleased. "Who sewed it in for you?" said she, sharply. "I can see the stitches from here. 'Twas a woman."

"Well, then, let a woman unsew it," was all the reply he deigned; and he chucked her the waistcoat, and went on with his breakfast very fast.

She took the waistcoat on her knee, whipped her scissors out of her pocket, and carefully snipped the stitches; then opened the pocket, and groped in it with her fingers. "Well, but," said she, "there's no money here."

"Gammon," said he, with his mouth full.

She groped it thoroughly. "But I say there isn't," said she.

"Don't tell lies. Give it me."

She gave it him, and watched him keenly, and even suspiciously.

He felt the pocket—groped it—clutched it—turned it inside out: there was nothing.

"What in heaven is this?" he gasped. "Am I mad? Am I dreaming? It is impossible. Cut the thing to pieces! Tear it to atoms! Robbed! robbed! I'll go for the police! I'll search every woman in the house." And he started wildly up.

But Elizabeth rose too, and said, very firmly: "You'll do nothing of the kind; there are no thieves here. Now sit down and think."

"I can't; I'm all in a whirl."

"You must. Tell me the name of all the bars you drank at before you came here."

He groaned, and mentioned several.

"Were there any women about?"

"Plenty at some of them."

"Did you take your coat off?"

"Not likely. I tell you I felt them in my pocket before I went to bed."

"Ah! you thought so, perhaps. Now who sewed them in for you?"

"No matter."

"Who sewed them in for you?"

"The tailor."

"No, Matthew, a woman sewed them in; and a woman sewed the empty pocket up again this last time. It is not a man's work, and, besides, men are not so artful as all that. There's more behind than you have told me," and she fell into a brown-study.

Doubleface took his resolution in a moment. He would go to the docks, wait there till Sarah came for her boxes, and tell her he had been set upon and robbed. Then he would go away with her and work for a month, till she got more money from England.

So he told Elizabeth he would take the police to all those bars, and he went out hastily.

She made no objection; she sat there, and brooded over this strange mystery.

By-and-by she had a visitor—an unexpected one, and one she could speak her mind to on this subject more openly than to her husband.

Sarah Mansell, on leaving that house, asked her way to the Custom-house. To her surprise it was very near. All her desire now was to get home. Her heart, always single, turned homeward entirely. Jealousy had tortured her too much. The torture that kills defeats itself, and her anguish had killed love as well as agonized it. And then she had her own special character; for women vary as men do: in some, jealousy preponderates so that they can not resign an unworthy man who belongs to them to another woman; in others, jealousy, though terribly powerful, is curbed by pride and self-respect. These are the high-spirited women who will be the only one or none; and note this, the more they love a man, the more they will have him all to themselves, or part with him root and branch: wild horses could not tear them from that alternative. These loving but resolute women belong to no class in society, and are found in every class. Books, journals, education, ignorance, neither make nor mar them. It is a law of their nature, though not the general law.

Sarah found that a steamboat started for England that day. She instantly took a berth for Lucy and herself, and meantime she took her boxes away in a cab, lest James Mansell should come and find them there, and wait about for her. She did not fear him one bit; but she abhorred the sight of him now.

She directed a carman to drive her to any good hotel he chose, only let it be a mile distant.

James Mansell came to the Custom-house, inquired for her boxes, and found that his wife had removed them and gone to a hotel. The carman who took her had not returned, but a person James feed promised to ask him on his return to what hotel he had driven the lady. Then Mansell went back to get some money from Elizabeth; for he had drunk all his loose cash the day before.

The visitor she received meantime was Solomon Grace. He came in rather sheepishly, and began to plead her permission, but she cut all that short very brusquely.

"You come at the right time. I have been robbed of £400."

Then she told him all that had passed between her and Matthew, and Solomon offered his theory, videlicet, that the notes had never existed.

"Well, then, I think they did," said Elizabeth. "But here's my trouble. There's a person I suspect; but I don't like to tell *him;* he might blame me for housing a stranger, and indeed it was a foolish thing of me—there!—I gave a night's lodging to an Englishwoman and her child. She said she had come by the boat, and lost her husband. I am afraid she never had one. Anyway, she slept here in this very room, and, Solomon, whilst my man was telling me in there he had got me the £400, she came bounce against that door, and I thought at the time she was listening."

"She is the one that did the trick," was Solomon's conclusion.

However, to make sure, he asked if Mr. Haynes had told her where the notes were while the woman was listening.

"He must have," said Elizabeth. Then she thought a bit. "Why, la, no, he didn't. She could hear no more than I did, and certainly I didn't know, nor he didn't tell me until this morning, breakfast-time. There—she couldn't know—unless she had sewn them in, and that's against all reason. It's a mystery; it is quite beyond me."

Solomon puzzled over it in turn. He said there was a good-looking woman sat waiting for her husband best part of two hours at the Custom-house, and a child with her.

"A girl?"

"Yes, a girl."

"What had she on?"

"Didn't observe."

"What was the child like?"

"Darkish—beautiful black eyes—a picture!"

"That is them, I shouldn't wonder. You saw no husband, I'll go bail."

"Ay, but I did—saw his back, however. That one is no thief—a plain, honest woman, with a face something between a calf and an angel."

"Indeed," said Elizabeth, "she looked honest; and if her tale was true, it seems hard to suspect her. But it is a puzzle."

Then Solomon Grace summed up the evidence: "He drinks and gambles. One of those ways is enough. Such a man is soon eased of £400 in New York city. I've seen a many drained out here with dice and drink, but I never knew a fool's pocket picked of notes sewn into the lining. Puzzle or not, that's a lie, I swan."

The latter part of this summing up was heard by Mr. Mansell from the parlor, he having slipped into the house the back way. He came in lowering, and put in his word. "Did you ever know an honest man slip into a house and backbite a man to his wife?"

Solomon turned red with ire and shame, for his position was not a perfect one. "Can't say ever I did, but I've known folk the truth was pison to wherever told."

"And the truth is that you are a discarded lover of my wife's, and a mischief-making hypocrite."

Elizabeth was alarmed, for she knew Solomon could wring this bantam's neck in a moment, and she had no blind confidence in his pacific disposition, though he vaunted it so highly. "La! Matthew, do you want every bone in your skin broken? And, Solomon, you must excuse him for my sake; he is in great trouble. I won't detain you at present."

"That means make tracks," said poor Solomon. "I'm pacific," said he, almost crying with vexation. "I'll go sartain. I'd better go. But, Britisher—"

"Well, what is it, old Ohio?"

"A word at parting."

"In Chicageese?"

"Every dog his day. That's English, I rather think."

When he was gone, Elizabeth took a cheerful tone. She told James she did not for one moment believe he had drunk or gambled away £400. "But," said she, "it is no use being angry with Solomon Grace for saying what all the world says." Then after a little while she played the philosopher. "If you gave me my choice, and said, 'Will you have £400 or a sober, industrious husband?' do you think I'd choose the money? Never. So don't let us cry over spilt milk, but just you drop gambling—you don't drink as you used—and we shall do first-rate. The house is full, and all the lodgers like me. It always will be full now. Starting was the only trouble. I will undertake to keep you if you will only spend your evenings with me."

James Mansell pretended to jump at these terms, and Elizabeth invited him to go out walking with her in an hour's time.

He agreed with feigned alacrity, and she dressed for the occasion, and they walked out arm in arm, she gay as a lark, he moody and distracted, and attending to her flow of talk only by fits and starts.

Meanwhile Mrs. Mansell and Lucy had a nice wash and a good breakfast, and by-and-by a conveyance was at the door to take their boxes to the boat.

But Lucy was most unwilling. "Oh, mamma," she said, "we have only just come."

"I can't help that," was the dogged reply.

"But everything is so beautiful, and the people so kind: they call me miss!"

"My child," said her mother, "I must go home. Wounded creatures all go home; and I am wounded to the heart. I have nobody now but you: be kind to me."

Lucy flung her arms round her mother's neck. "Oh, mamma, I'll go with you to Jericho."

[to be continued.]

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KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS ALTIFIORLA RISES IN THE WORLD.

During this time a correspondence, more or less regular, was maintained between Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis Geraldine. Sir Francis had gone to Scotland for the shooting, and rather liked the interest of Miss Altifiorla's letters. It must be understood that it had commenced with the lady rather than the gentleman. But that was a fact of which he was hardly aware. She had written him a short note in answer to some questions he had asked respecting Mrs. Western when he had been in Exeter, and this she had done in such a manner as to make sure of the coming of a further letter. The further letter had come, and thus the correspondence had been commenced. It was no doubt chiefly in regard to Mrs. Western, or at first pretended to be so. Miss Altifiorla thought it right to speak always of her old friend with affectionate kindness, but still with considerable severity. The affectionate kindness might go for what it was worth; but it was the severity, or rather the sarcasm, which gratified Sir Francis. And then Miss Altifiorla gradually adopted a familiar strain, into which Sir Francis fell readily enough. In fact, Sir Francis found that a young woman who would joke with him, and appear to follow his lead in her joking, was more to his taste than an austere beauty such as had been his last love.

"Lady Grant is here at this moment," Miss Altifiorla said in one of her letters. She had by this time fallen into that familiar style of writing which hardly declared whether it belonged to a man's letter or a woman's. "I suppose you know who Lady Grant is. She is your fortunate rival's magnificent widowed sister, and has come here, I presume, to endeavor to set matters right. Whether she will succeed may be doubtful. She is the exact ditto of her brother, who of all human beings gives himself the finest airs. But Cecilia since her separation has given herself airs too, and now leads her lonely life with her nose high among the stars. Poor dear Cecilia! her misfortunes do not become her, and I think they have hardly been deserved. They are all the result of your bitter vengeance, and though I must say that she in sort deserves it, I think that you might have spared her. After all, she has done you no harm. Consider where you would be with Cecilia Holt for your wife and guardian. Hard though you are, I do not think you would have been hard enough to treat her as he has done. Indeed, there is an audacity about his conduct to which I know no parallel. Fancy a man marrying a wife, and then instantly bidding her go home to her mother when he finds that she once liked another man better than himself! I wonder whether the law couldn't touch him? But you have escaped from all that, and I really can't understand why you should be so awfully cruel to the poor girl." Then she signed herself "Yours always, F. A.," as though she had not been a woman at all.

In all this there was much guile. She had already taken the length of his foot, and knew how to flatter him, and to cheat him at the same time. "That poor young woman of mine seems to have got into difficulties," he said to Dick Ross, who had gone down with him to Scotland.

"You have made the difficulties for her," said Dick.

"Well, I paved the way, perhaps. That was only justice. Did she think that she was going to hit me, and that she wasn't to be hit in return?"

"A woman," growled Dick.

"Women are human beings the same as men, and when they make themselves beasts, have got to be punished. You can't horsewhip a woman; but if you look at it all round, I don't see that she ought to get off so much better than a man. What the devil! She is a human creature, and ought to be made to feel as a man feels."

But this did not suit Dick's morality or his sense of chivalry. According to his thinking, a woman in such matters ought to be allowed to do as she pleased, and the punishment, if punishment there is to be, must come from the outside. "I shouldn't like to have done it, that's all."

"You've always treated women well, haven't you?"

"I don't say that. I don't know that I've ever treated anybody particularly well. But I never set my wits to work to take my revenge on a woman."

"Look here, old fellow," said Sir Francis, "you had better contrive to make yourself less disagreeable, or else you and I must part. If you think that I am going to be lectured by you, you're mistaken."

"You ask me, and how can I help answering you? It was a shabby trick. And now you may bluster as much as you please." Then the two sat together smoking in silence for five minutes. It was after breakfast on a rainy day, such as always made Dick Ross miserable for the time. He had to think of creditors whom he could not pay, and of his future life, which did not lie easily open before him, and of all the years which he had misused. Circumstances had lately thrown him much into the power of this man, whom he heartily disliked and despised, but at whose hands he had been willing to accept many of the luxuries of his life. But still he resolved not to be put down in the expression of his opinions, although he might in truth be turned off at a moment's notice. "You are corresponding with that old woman now."

"What do you know about my correspondence?"

"I know just what you told me. That letter there is from the lady with the Italian name. She is more of a devil than you are, I believe." At hearing this, Sir Francis only laughed. "If you don't take care, she'll make you marry her, and then where will you be?"

"Where would you be, old fellow?"

"It don't much matter where I should be," said poor Dick. "There's a revolver upstairs, and I sometimes think that I had better use it. Thank God, I've nothing but myself to look after. I've no baronetcy and no estate, and can destroy none but myself. You can't hurt me very much. I'll tell you what it is, Geraldine—you want a wife, so that you may cut out your cousin from the property. You're a good-looking fellow, and you can talk, and, as chance would have it, you had, I imagine, got hold of a true lady. But she found you out."

"What did she find out?"

"The sort of fellow that you are. She met you among the Dean's people, and had to find you out before she knew you. However, she did before it was too late, and she gave you the sack."

"That's your idea."

"She did," said Dick, boldly. "And there should have been an end of it. I don't say but what it might have been as well for you as for her. But it suited you to have your revenge, and you've had it."

"I rather think I have," said Sir Francis.

"But you've got a woman to help you in getting it who seems to have been as spiteful as you, without any excuse. I shouldn't think that she'd make a good wife. But if you don't take care, she'll be yours." Then Dick got up and walked out of the room with his pipe in his mouth, and went into his bedroom, thinking that it might be as well for him to pack up and take his departure. The quarters they were in were, as he declared to himself, "beastly" in wet weather; but his shirts hadn't come from the wash, and he had no vehicle to take him to the railway station without sending for a fly. And after all what he had said to Sir Francis was not much worse than what had often been said before. So he chucked off his slippers, and threw himself upon the bed, thinking that he might as well endeavor to get through the morning by going to sleep.

Sir Francis, when he found himself alone, began to think over all the circumstances of his present position. Among those circumstances Dick Ross was one. When he had intended to marry Miss Holt, he had determined to get rid of Dick. Indeed, Dick had been got rid of partially, and had begun to talk of going to Canada, or the Cannibal Islands, by way of beginning the work of his life. Then Sir Francis had been jilted, and Dick had again become indispensable to him. But Dick had ever had a nasty way of speaking his mind and blowing up his patron, which sometimes became very oppressive to the Baronet. And now at the present moment he was more angry with him for what he had said as to Miss Altifiorla than for his remarks as to his conduct to the other lady. All that was simply severe in Dick's words he took for a compliment. If Dick found fault with his practice, he at any rate acknowledged his success. But his remarks as to the second lady had been very uncourteous. He had declared that she with the Italian name was a worse devil even than himself, and had warned him not to marry the devil. Now he had nearly made up his mind that he would marry her. With all the ladies with whom he had hitherto been connected he had become aware that in marrying them he must more or less alter his manner of life. With Miss Altifiorla no such alteration would be necessary. He attributed a certain ease which she possessed to her Italian blood, and thought that he would be able to get on with her very comfortably. To marry was imperative with him, because of his cousin. But he thought that were he to marry Miss Altifiorla, he might continue to live his ordinary life almost without interruption. He had considered that in doing so he need not even dismiss Dick Ross. But now, in consequence partly of the great discourtesy of Dick's remarks, and partly from his strong inclination for Miss Altifiorla, he began to think that, after all, Dick had better go. Just at this moment Dick's fortunes were, he knew, very low. One sum of money had been lost at cards, and another sum of money had not come. Dick's funds were almost absolutely worn out. But that was only a reason the more for parting with him. He did not care to have to deal with a man who had to wear out his old clothes in his house because he had not credit with his tailor to get a new coat and trousers. He thought that he would part with Dick, but he had not quite made up his mind when he sat down to write his letter to Miss Altifiorla.

"My dear Miss Altifiorla," he said, "I really don't see that you have any reason to blow me up as you do about 'poor Cecilia.' I do not think that poor Cecilia has had it at all hotter than she has deserved; and when you tell me that I have been awfully cruel to the poor girl, you seem to forget that the poor girl began the war by being awfully cruel to me. If you and I should ever come to know each other, you may be sure that I shall never treat any woman well because she has treated me badly. It's a kind of gallantry I can not understand, and must make a man's conduct quite indifferent to the sex generally. If you're to treat all alike, whether they run straight or bolt, why shouldn't they all bolt? It would come to the same thing in the end. There is Dick Ross been making himself uncommonly disagreeable on the same subject. I don't mind your lecturing me a little—chiefly because you don't think it; but I'll be hanged if I take it from him. He has not done so very well himself that he is entitled to blow up any one.

"Mind you write and tell me what happens over at St. David's." (Mrs. Holt lived in Exeter at St. David's.) "I shall be glad to know whether that respectable person, Mr. Western, comes back again. I don't think she'll have a good time if he does, and if he don't I sha'n't break my heart." Then he put his pen down and sat for a while thinking what should be his last paragraph. Should he put an end to all his doubts, and straightway make his offer, or should he dally a little longer, and still keep the power in his own hands? At last he said to himself that even if he wrote it, his letter would not go till to-morrow morning, and he would have the night to think about it. This consideration got the better of his prudence, and he did write it, simply beginning a new sentence on the page. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough to make a match of it? There is a question for you to answer on your own behalf, instead of blowing me up for my cruelty to Cecilia Holt."

Then he signed his name, "Yours ever, F. G."

Miss Altifiorla when she received the letter was surprised, but not startled. She had expected that it would come, but not so quickly; and it may be said of her that she had quite made up her mind as to the final answer to be given if it should come. But still she had to think much about it before she wrote her reply. It might be very well for him to be sudden, but any over-suddenness on her part would put him on his guard. If he should be made to feel alarmed at what he had done, if he should be once frightened at his own impetuousness and hers, he would soon find his way back again out of the difficulty. But still she must flatter him, still she must make him think that she loved him. It would not at all do for her to write as though the thing were impossible. Then in a pleasant reverie she gave herself up for a while to meditating over the sudden change which had come upon her views of life. She remembered how strong she had been in recommending Cecilia not to marry this man, and how she had congratulated her when she found that she had escaped. And she remembered the severe things she had said about Mr. Western. But in her thoughts there was nothing of remorse, or even of regret. "Well, well, that it should have come to this! That he should have escaped from Cecilia and have chosen me! Upon the whole, it will be much better for him. I shall tread on his corns less than she would, and be less trodden upon, too, than she. It may be that I must tread on his corns a little, but I will not begin till after my marriage." Such was the nature of her thoughts. Perhaps an idea did creep in as to some awkwardness when she should meet Cecilia. But they could never see much of each other, and it might be that there would be no such meeting. "What does it matter?" she said, as she turned to her writing-table.

But this was not till three days had passed after the receipt of the proposal. Three days, she thought, was a fitting time to show that though hurried by an affair of so much moment, she was not too much hurried. And then she wrote as follows:

"My dear Sir Francis,—Your letter has almost taken away my breath. Why, you know nothing or little about me! And since we have been acquainted with each other our conversation has chiefly been about another lady to whom you were engaged to be married. Now you ask me to be your wife; at least, if I understand your letter, that is its purport. If I am wrong, of course you will tell me so.

"But of course I know that I am not wrong; and of course I am flattered, and of course pleased. What I have seen of you I have altogether liked, and I do not know why we should not be happy together. But marriage! marriage is a most important step—as, no doubt, you are well aware. Though I am quite earnest in what I am saying, still I can not but smile, and can fancy that you are smiling, as though after all it were but a joke. However, give me but one week to think of it all, and then I will answer you in sober earnest.

"Yours ever (as you sign yourself), F. A."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLACK BASS.

Those enterprises, whether of war or sport, whose success is measurably enhanced by their accomplishment in the earliest hours of the day, either immediately preceding or following the dawn, are those which to the human race possess the greatest element of fascination. Fishing for black bass is one of these, for the hours between the break of day and nine o'clock in the morning are those in which these fish are taken in the greatest abundance.

Of all fresh-water fish, with the exception of the salmon, the black bass holds the highest place, no less for its game qualities than for its richness of flavor and delicacy of flesh, although there can never exist a comparison between fish of the sweet and salt water, the latter in all cases being so far superior for edible purposes. Black bass vary in weight from one to five pounds. Its length is three times its depth; the genuine fish may always be known by the red spot on the eye. There are so many varieties of fresh-water bass, this peculiar marking serves as an infallible guide to distinguish the black bass from what are known as the Oswego bass, the black bass of the South, the spotted bass, and the rock bass of the lakes, none of which is to be compared in game qualities or in flavor with the true black bass, whose color in the young fish is a light green. It changes its hue until it reaches full growth, when the head, back, and shoulders assume an almost pure black, the sides shading off into a rich yellow bronze. To take black bass one must be expert and experienced; moreover, the best of tackle should be used, for no fish will run more line off the reel. When struck, they dash off with extraordinary vigor, and display considerable invention and resource in their efforts to cast out the hook.

The black bass is found in the greatest number in the Niagara River, the Lake of the Thousand Isles, Lake Erie and the rivers emptying therein, also in the tributaries of Lakes Michigan, Huron, Simcoe, and Ontario. They are also found in many of the smaller lakes with which the Canadian provinces are dotted. It is on these that the best sport may be found, as they are but little fished, for they are wide of the usual haunt of the tourist. These choice fishing grounds are known to but few, to whom they are dear in the reminiscences of many delightful days passed upon the placid waters. The tavern or hotel is unknown there, and shelter must be found either under some improvised shed or in a rude cabin where accommodations and food are of the most primitive character. Now and again the fisherman in his explorations stumbles upon one of these simple structures close by the edge of some small lake buried deep in the Canadian woods. The occupants and owners of these log huts are often persons who have been reared amid very different surroundings. The proprietor is not unfrequently the younger son of some gentle English family, a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, who, tempted by the roseate accounts of the charm of the life in this English colony, purchases a large tract of these wild lands, and settles upon them. He imparts a portion of his enthusiasm to some tenderly reared English girl, who joins her hand and fortune with his. Together in the buoyancy of inexperience they migrate to the promised land, full of eager hopes. With the instincts of the sportsman rather than that of the practical agriculturist, the exile rears his home near the edge of some lake—a selection admirable as the abode of the opulent man of leisure, but in no wise fitted for that of one who must depend upon the cultivation of the soil for the support of himself and family.

Fascinated by the novelty of this new life and by the abundance of the sports of the field, both of fishing and shooting, to be found at his very door, he gives himself to the full enjoyment of the same. Even in this humble cabin he endeavors to maintain the social formalities of his former life. With punctilious exactness he dons a dress-coat at the late dinner prepared with infinite toil by his bride, who already begins to pine under the dreary monotony of this isolated life. Babies make their appearance with a fatal and measured regularity. The small stock of money contributed by both comes to an end, and the quondam swell, to keep the wolf from the door, is forced to put his neck to the yoke, and till with frantic zeal the not overproductive soil. The rod and gun are thrown aside, and perish by accident or neglect. He no longer heeds the graces of the toilet, his beard attains a straggling and unkempt growth, and the dress-coat at dinner is replaced by a shirt of red flannel. Dinner, which in the earlier days was the notable event of the day, has now become the hurried repast of noon. It is hastily eaten amid the discordant yells of a numerous progeny. The once blooming bride has been effaced, and a haggard woman, ill and overworked, greets him with anxious and inquiring looks.

It is an interesting experience to encounter one of these disillusioned gentlemen emigrants. By accident one stumbles upon him while in search of one of these sequestered Canadian lakes. He is encountered suddenly on the edge of a clearing laboriously tilling a scanty and struggling crop. The interchange of a few words, the freemasonry of sportsmen, draws from him a hospitable greeting. Notwithstanding his well-worn and dilapidated clothing, suggestive of anything but the former swell and man about town, a certain distinction of manner and speech reveal his gentle origin. With the sense of hospitality his by instinct and training he insists that the strangers shall go to his house. The farming implements are thrown aside, and he leads the way. As he approaches his home he raises his voice—evidently a pre-arranged signal that strangers are at hand. A number of juvenile faces instantly make their appearance at the windows. There is the sound of hurried preparation. When we enter the principal apartment, we are greeted by the partner of his toils with the same ease and grace of manner as though she were the happy and prosperous mistress of a noble English home, instead of the wearied occupant of a log cabin in the Canada woods.

It is our good fortune to be provided with a plentiful stock of provisions, both fluid and solid. These are unpacked at the door, and for one night at least our entertainers revel in long-unknown luxuries. The next morning our host insists upon guiding us to the choice fishing grounds of his lake. It is a pleasure to put the well-made rod into his hands, and, with perfect tools, see his masterly skill in casting the fly. In the excitement of the sport and surroundings his listless, despondent air takes wings. His form resumes its youthful suppleness. He laughs with a joyous freedom as he plays with easy grace the vigorous, impetuous bass. Under the influence of the champagne of the mid-day lunch he is once more of the crew of the university eight, the howling swell, the man of fortune and of leisure. Not until we approach the shore, and come in sight of the log cabin on the bank, is he aught else. Then a transformation as in a pantomime takes place, and our joyous companion of the day is again the weary, anxious, troubled man of toil. One wishes on such an occasion that he might wield the wand of a fairy—with a touch change the humble cabin into a luxurious mansion, turn the barren land into a blooming park, and transform his host and hostess into prosperous and wealthy proprietors. It would not come amiss, for they are "to the manner born."

Gaston Fay.

THE NEW HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

The inauguration of the new building which replaces the historic Hôtel de Ville, destroyed by the Communists, took place on the 13th of July, the day before the National Fête.

Although somewhat premature, the solemnity was brilliant, although, of course, the improvised decorations, which in the space of a few weeks had transformed bare walls and vast spaces without floors or ceilings into reception-rooms, can not be compared with the splendid festivities which took place under the edileship of Houssmann.

Imagine immense staircases of verdure adorned with baskets of rare flowers and inundated with light; galleries with gilt trellis-work; a suite of grand rooms furnished for the Garde Mobile, and hung with ancient tapestry; the banquet hall decorated by Levastre, the famous scenic artist of the Grand Opera; a ceiling bright with gold; a profusion of torches, statues, lustres, ferns, palms, and mirrors; a torrent of electric light blending with the warmer blaze of the gas; the outlines of the building marked out with rows of lamps, arcades of colored lamps stretching in long perspective around the square, while Bengal-lights were shedding their brilliant rays in all directions—imagine this, and you have some idea of the scene.

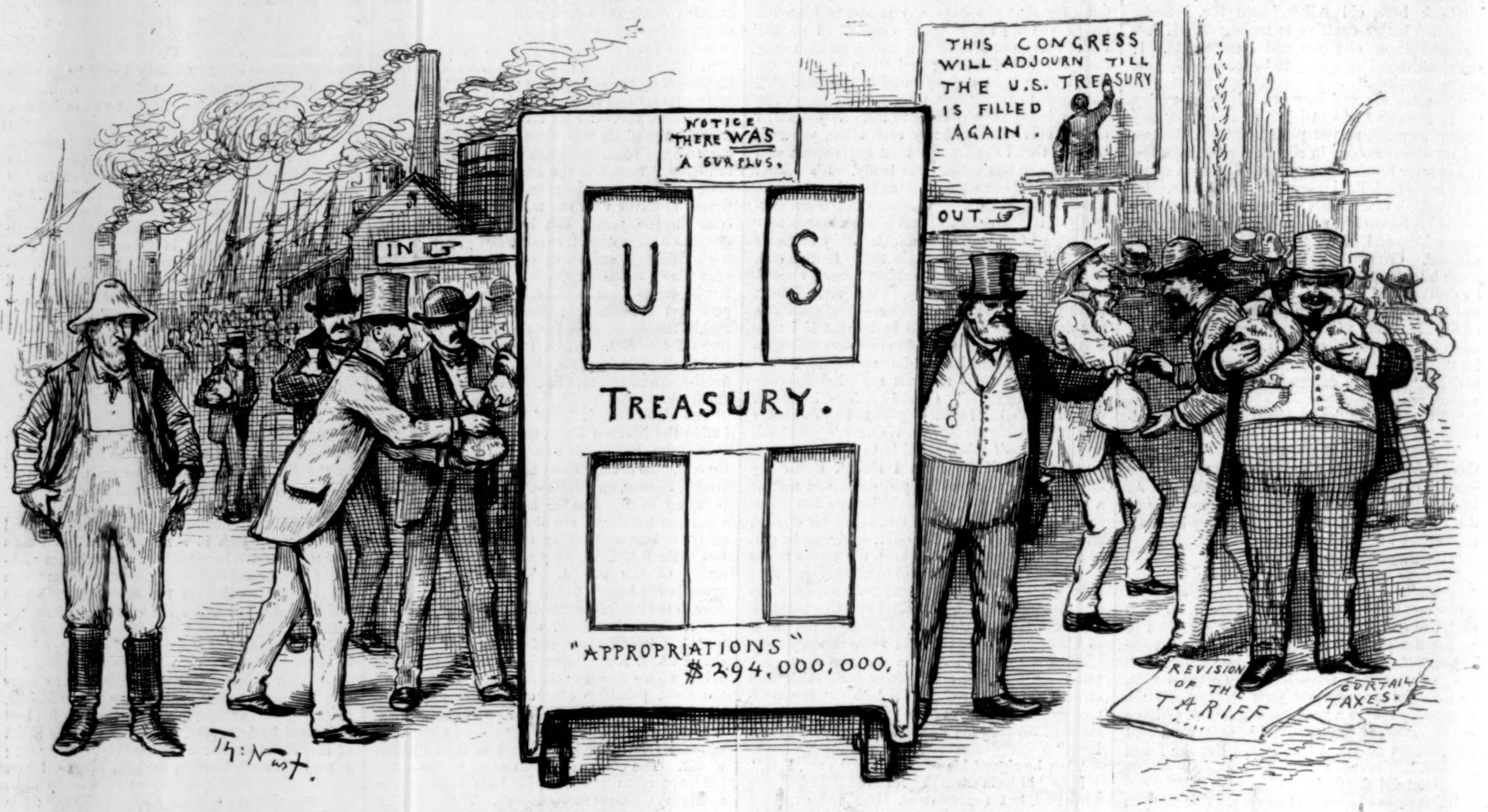
The fête began at five o'clock by a review of the *bataillon scolaire*, or the regiment of schoolboys, who marched past in a marine uniform. Then came the great banquet for five hundred and fifty guests, served by one hundred and forty *maîtres d'hôtel*. The guests included the President of the Republic, the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, the ministers, the foreign ambassadors, the Senators and Deputies of the Department of the Seine, the Municipal Council, the mayors of foreign cities (the Lord Mayor of London was invited, but had the bad taste to decline), mayors of the large cities of France, delegates of working-men, representatives of the army, the civil service, etc., etc.

The President gave the Cross of the Legion of Honor to M. Alphaud M. Ballu, and M. Deperthes, architects, to M. Riffaud, the contractor for the building, and M. Carrier, the clerk of the works. M. Songeon, the President of the City Council, proposed the health of the President of the Republic. M. Grévy, in acknowledging it, drank to the city of Paris, "which sees rising from its ruins its old Hôtel de Ville, the theatre, often glorious, sometimes stormy, always striking, of the dramatic events which fill her varied history. . . . I drink to Paris, which has taken so brilliant a share in the development of French civilization: to this centre of living light, to this home of letters, of science, of the fine arts, sublime productions of genius which constitute the charm of life for individuals, and the true grandeur of nations. To the city of Paris!" Then the applause broke out, the "Marseillaise" was played, and the company adjourned to the Council-Chamber, where a concert was given by artists from the Academy of Music. Meanwhile on the ground-floor the boy-soldiers had their dinner, and listened to patriotic speeches from M. Jules Ferry and others.

But both the banquet halls were soon cleared, for they had to be prepared for the reception of the evening. At nine o'clock the doors of the Rue Lobau were opened and the crowd poured in, filling the court, flooding the saloons and grand staircase, and flowing from room to room, where the concerts were going on, while quietly and prudently M. Grévy and his ministers retired before the rising tide of eight thousand guests. From this time onward the sideboards were taken by storm, and the rooms crowded with a motley throng, in which dress-coats and blouses, new fashions and old, were inextricably blended. At midnight the "Marseillaise" was played as the signal for departure.

The following day, the 14th, was the National Fête. It was celebrated by gratuitous performances at the theatres, a review in the Bois de Boulogne, balloon ascents, and free circuses for the children. In the evening the city was illuminated, the Seine, the bridges, the quays, the barges, bath-houses, and other vessels in the river being all covered with party-colored lights. The little steamboats were all illuminated, while others moved about bearing bands that discoursed patriotic tunes. From the Pont Louis Philippe to the Pont de la Concorde it was a veritable Venetian fête. The Champs Élysées, the Rue Rivoli, Rue Saint-Antoine, the Bastille, the Avenue Dumesnil, formed, as far as Vincennes, a brilliantly illuminated road for an enormous crowd.

The fêtes went off without any accident, and were marked by perfect order, good temper, and enthusiasm.


NOTICE THERE WAS A SURPLUS.
THIS CONGRESS WILL ADJOURN TILL THE U.S. TREASURY IS FILLED AGAIN.
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THE PEOPLE FILL IT, AND CONGRESS EMPTIES IT. THE LAW-MAKERS RELIEVE THE TREASURY, BUT NOT THE PEOPLE.

CINTRA, NEAR LISBON.

The author of a pleasant series of papers, entitled "A Neglected Corner of Europe," published in Vol. LXIII. of Harper's Magazine, speaks in most enthusiastic terms of the beauties of Cintra. "It is one of the few spots in this world," she says, "which did not fall in 'Adam's first transgression.' The world lying in wickedness is all about it, but Cintra is a little paradise still. It is but eighteen miles from Lisbon, an easy drive by carriage or diligence, a convenient Niagara for the Lisbonese bride and groom who do not crave a more extended wedding tour."

Cintra is the favorite resort of the nobility and the wealthy of Portugal, and of numerous tourists from foreign lands. Besides its delightful and salubrious climate, it possesses many picturesque attractions, such as the famous Peña Castle, once a monastery and now a royal residence. After the expulsion of the monastic orders from Portugal, the castle fell into decay, but it was purchased by the ex-King Ferdinand, and by him restored with strict fidelity to mediæval architecture. There is also a curious and interesting building called the Old Palace—a very ideal of a haunted mansion. The author of the papers just cited says of it: "Once within the doorway, we seem to have found our way into one of the Waverley Novels. It is just the place for ghosts, for murderers concealed behind the arras, for secret staircases, for wassailings in hall and elopement from my lady's boudoir, for the clank of chains in dungeon deep, the merry jest of fool in cap and bells, and for the king's dwarf. There is scarcely a story whose floors run through the building on the same level." Gardens and fountains abound in the vicinity of the town, and the drives, walks, and rides are of the most delightful character.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

There has always been a River and Harbor Bill, varying in amount according to the judgment of Congress of the exigencies of the cases that came up and the amount of revenue applicable to these improvements. Congress derives its power to make the appropriation from the clauses of the Constitution which authorize it to regulate foreign commerce, and to regulate commerce between the States. The appropriations for harbors, at least on the sea-coast, generally come under the former head, while those for rivers and for harbors upon the great lakes come under the latter. A body of water inclosed entirely within the territory of a single State, and useful only for traffic between different points in that State, would not, therefore, under a strict construction of the Constitution, come within the power of Congress. In his veto message the President declared that some of the appropriations made by the present bill were for objects not contemplated by the Constitution. The appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors have steadily increased since they began to be made. The river and harbor appropriation of which General Grant expressed his disapproval, and declared his intention of expending according to his own judgment, amounted to between five and six millions. The bill of 1881, the largest ever passed before the bill which has just become law in spite of the objections of the President, appropriated between ten and eleven millions. The present law as it was sent from the House to the Senate appropriated between seventeen and eighteen millions. Additions made in the Senate increased the total to nearly twenty millions, which was cut down in the committees of conference to between eighteen and nineteen millions, which was the amount appropriated as the bill was passed, and after the veto of the President was repassed.

An analysis of the law shows that the chief objects upon which the money was intended to be spent were, (1) the improvement of the Mississippi, (2) the improvement of harbors upon the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts, and (3) the navigation of the lakes. The first of these objects has absorbed much the largest share of the appropriation. There has been appropriated to the survey and improvement of the great river and its tributaries, in round numbers, $7,000,000. Of this amount $4,123,000, appropriated in one sum, is to be devoted to improving navigation between Cairo and the Gulf, $600,000 between Cairo and the Illinois River, $200,000 between the Illinois River and the Des Moines Rapids, $250,000 between these rapids and the Falls of St. Anthony, and $310,000 above these rapids, most of which is to be spent upon a system of reservoirs intended to maintain in the upper river a nearly uniform depth of water. Something over $5,000,000 of the total is thus accounted for. The remainder is to be spent in the improvement of the Missouri and other and lesser tributaries. The largest single appropriation for a river, except that for the improvement of the Lower Mississippi, is that of $850,000 "for improving the Missouri River from its mouth to Sioux City, Iowa, including such harbors on said river now in the course of improvement as in the judgment of the Chief of Engineers will benefit commerce and navigation." The smallest item in the bill is $1000 for "improving Oostenaula and Coosawattee rivers, Georgia."

The appropriations for harbors on the sea-coast, that is, for the benefit of foreign commerce, amount to about $4,000,000, apportioned among the principal harbors as follows: Portland, Maine, $35,000; Boston, $96,500; New York, $260,000 ($200,000 for continuing the excavations at Hell Gate); Philadelphia, $276,000; Baltimore, $450,000 (the largest item in the harbor appropriations); Norfolk, $75,000; Charleston, $300,000; Pensacola, $75,000; Mobile, $125,000; Galveston, $300,000; San Francisco, $200,000. It is necessary to bear in mind that the costly light-house service is not provided for in the River and Harbor Bill, but in the Sundry Civil Appropriation, which is expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, whereas the appropriation for rivers and harbors is intrusted to the War Department.

The appropriations for improving the navigation of the great lakes amount to something over a million and a half, divided between the States which border them. The largest appropriation for the lakes this year goes to Michigan, $411,000; the next to Wisconsin, $329,000; and the third to New York, $308,000. The largest single items of the appropriations for the lakes are those for the harbor of Chicago, $200,000, and for the harbor of Buffalo, $125,000.

The appended table may be of interest, although it is neither exhaustive nor absolutely accurate. The total is some six millions short of the total appropriation. This discrepancy comes from the omission of appropriations which can not well be localized, such as the $4,000,000 for the Lower Mississippi, and the $300,000 for the construction of reservoirs at the head-waters of the same river. Kansas and Nebraska appear not to partake the benefits of the act, but in justice some of the appropriation charged to Missouri should be charged to them. Colorado and Nevada are probably the only States which do not share in the bounty of Congress. With these exceptions, the table explains itself:

New England States.	
Maine	$30,000
New Hampshire	55,000
Vermont	18,500
Massachusetts	351,500
Connecticut	239,000
Rhode Island	170,000
Total	$864,000
Middle Atlantic States.	
New York	$749,500
New Jersey	273,975
Pennsylvania	389,000
Maryland	476,500
Delaware	238,000
Total	$2,126,975
South Atlantic States.	
Virginia	$251,500
North Carolina	422,400
South Carolina	371,000
Georgia	476,000
Florida	375,000
Total	$1,895,900
Gulf States.	
Alabama	$210,000
Mississippi	66,500
Louisiana	115,500
Texas	882,500
Total	$1,274,500
Western States.	
Ohio	$693,500
Michigan	806,000
Illinois	480,000
Indiana	135,000
Kentucky	261,500
Tennessee	249,500
Arkansas	92,000
Missouri	1,005,000
Iowa	2,500
Wisconsin	644,000
Minnesota	65,000
Kansas	
Nebraska	
Colorado	
West Virginia	260,000
Total	$4,694,000
Pacific States.	
California	$644,000
Oregon	476,000
Nevada	
Total	$1,120,000
Territories.	
Idaho	$5,000
Dakota	40,000
Washington	24,000
Montana	50,000
Total	$119,000
District of Columbia	$400,000

It may be interesting to append a sample list of the appropriations which have been most sharply criticised, and which it may be presumed that the President meant when he tranquilly observed that as the bill became more objectionable it received more support. Our selection is from the appropriations for the improvement of rivers in the State of New Jersey:

Improvement Cheesequake's Creek, continuing improvement, $15,000.

Improving Mattawan Creek, continuing improvement, $6000.

Improving Manasquan River, continuing improvement, $7000.

Improving Rahway River, continuing improvement, $7000.

Improving Rancocas River, continuing improvement, $10,000.

Improving Cohansey Creek, $5000.

Improving Salem River, continuing improvement, $1500.

Improving Maurice River, $3000.

Improving Mantua Creek, $3000.

Improving Woodbury Creek, $5000.

Improving Raccoon River, $3000.

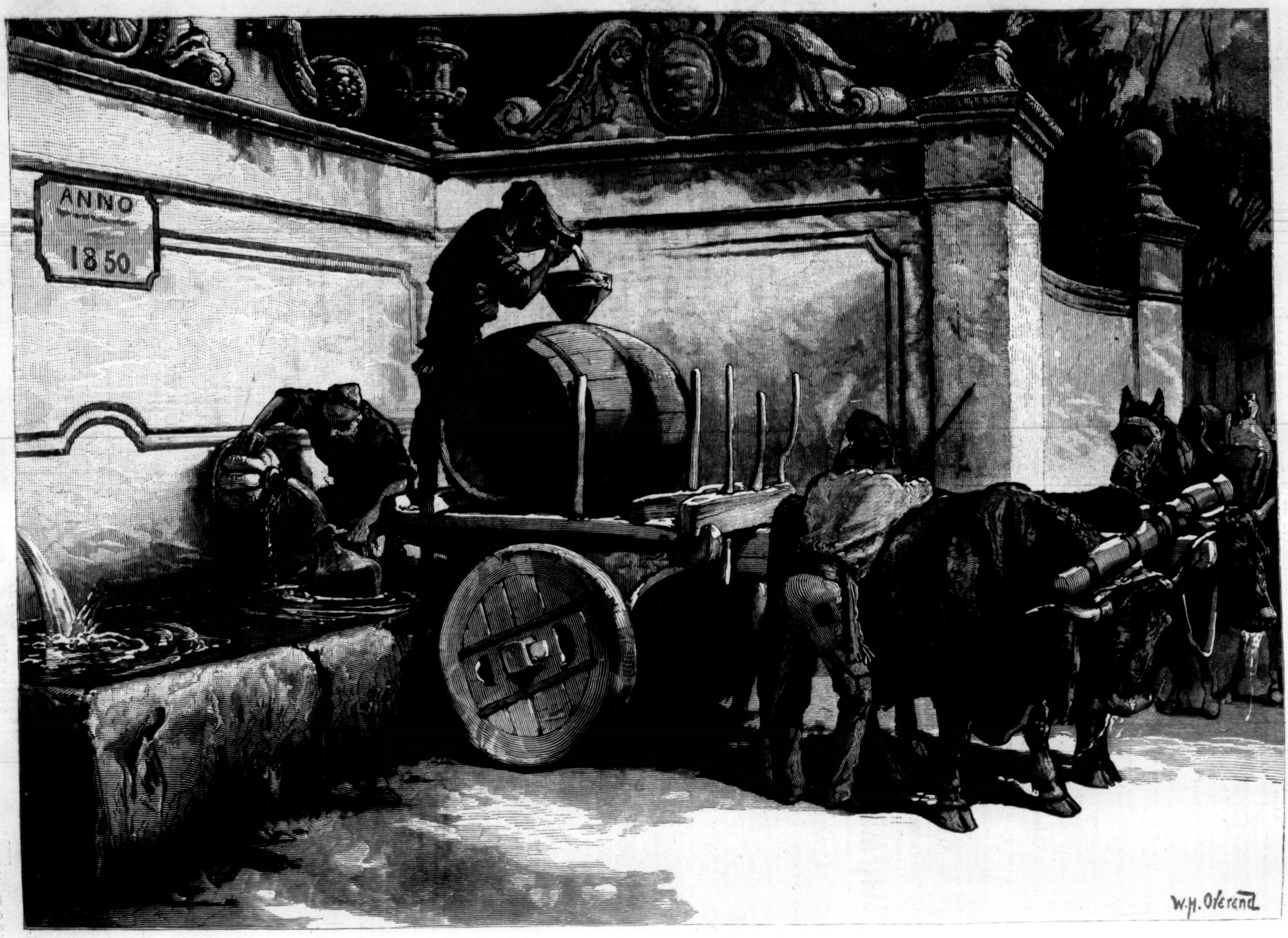
This list presents a series of interesting studies, not only in constitutional law, but also in geography.

ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES.

Among the many curious things noted by Sir John Lubbock, none is more curious than the use which ants make of a small insect called the aphis. This little creature was described by Linnæus as "the cow of the ant," and the evidence of observers seems to show that this description rests upon a close parallel. The aphides secrete a sweet juice, corresponding to our milk from the cow, and this forms an important part of the food of ants. They obtain it by stroking and caressing the aphides with their antennæ, a process very like our milking. Sir John Lubbock observes: "As the honey of the aphides is more or less sticky, it is probably an advantage to the aphis that it should be removed. Nor is this the only service which ants render to them. They protect them from the attacks of enemies, and not unfrequently even build cow-sheds of earth over them. The yellow ants collect the root-feeding species in their nests, and tend them as carefully as their own young. But this is not all. The ants not only guard the mature aphides, which are useful, but also the eggs of the aphides, which, of course, until they come to maturity, are quite useless."

There seems reason to believe that ants keep other domestic animals besides the aphides, and that they even keep some species of beetles and other small creatures as pets, feeding them and playing with them apparently for no purpose but their own amusement. They are certainly familiar with two of the great curses of human existence, namely, war and slavery; and Sir John Lubbock gives some interesting particulars on these subjects. He quotes from Huber, a Swiss naturalist, the following description of a marauding expedition by slave-holding ants:

"On June 17, 1804," he says, "while walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, I observed close at my feet, traversing the road, a legion of rufescent ants. They moved in a body with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length by three or four in breadth. In a few minutes they quitted the road, passed a thick hedge, and entered a pasture ground, where I followed them. They wound along the grass without straggling, and their column remained unbroken notwithstanding the obstacles they had to surmount. At length they approached a nest inhabited by dark ash-colored ants, the dome of which rose above the grass at a distance of twenty feet from the hedge. Some of its inhabitants were guarding the entrance, but on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advanced guard. The alarm spread at the same moment in the interior, and their companions came forth in numbers from their under-ground residence. The rufescent ants, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quickened their march to arrive at the foot of the ant-hill; the whole battalion in an instant fell upon and overthrew the ash-colored ants, who, after a short but obstinate conflict, retired to the bottom of their nest. The rufescent ants now ascended the hillock, collected in crowds on the summit, and took possession of the principal avenues, leaving some of their companions to work an opening in the side of the ant-hill with their teeth. Success crowned their enterprise, and by the newly made breach the remainder of the army entered. In three or four minutes they returned by the same apertures which gave them entrance, each bearing off in its mouth a larva or a pupa." The pupæ thus seized and carried off were kept and reared for the purposes of slavery.


ANNO
1850
W. H. Overend

A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN AT CINTRA, PORTUGAL.—[See Page 524.]

THE NEW MINISTER TO ITALY.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who has just been appointed to represent the United States at the Italian court, is the grandson of the founder of the family, and is a native of this city, where he was born in 1848. After receiving a good education, and making a long visit to Europe, he studied law in the office of Lord, Day, & Lord, preparatory to assuming the active management of the Astor estate. He was nominated to the Assembly in 1877, and triumphantly elected. He was made chairman of the Committee on Militia, and a member of the committees on Affairs of Cities and on Expenditure. In 1879 he was elected Senator, and was placed on the committees on Commerce, Navigation, and Militia; he was also on the Judiciary Committee, and chairman of that on Public Expenditures. He was, however, defeated in the last election for Representative at Washington. His home is one of the most elegant of New York mansions, and his wife a lady of great beauty, accomplishments, and social tact. He is a devoted admirer of literature and art, and he has not neglected the library founded by J. J. Astor which adorns the city.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Being asked why ladies were not admitted as members of the Chamber of Deputies, a gallant Frenchman explained that a member must be forty years old, and that it would be "impossible to find any lady who had reached that unseemly age."

Friends of Jumbo in England will be pleased to learn that he took no part in the recent riot of elephants at Troy. Though he was in the company of the others when they started out on the road, he took no notice of their bad example, but quietly kept on his way, as was becoming to a sedate and sensible pachyderm like himself.

Suit is to be brought by a Canadian farmer against the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for having imported sparrows. He estimates the number of sparrows on his land at five thousand, and says that they have eaten thirty acres of barley, destroyed his potatoes, and made havoc with his early vegetables.

The law prohibiting Chinese immigration has gone into effect, and the United States is now a refuge for the oppressed of all nations but one.

Quickness of discrimination is one of the first requisites to the successful pursuit of professional horse-stealing in Arkansas. When confronted recently by two sheriffs, one covering him with a "bull-dog" revolver, and the other with a long rifle-barrelled pistol, a thief said, "Gentlemen, if you both had guns like that" (pointing toward the revolver), "I'd have given you a tussle; but I don't want no truck with them tarantulas"—and he thrust his thumb in the direction of the slender-barrelled weapon.

Indefatigable Captain Gower, of the American built cat-boat *Gleam*, having failed in every attempt to make a match on even terms in English waters, offered prize cups to be sailed for by small craft at the annual Cowes regatta of August 3. The cups were accepted by the committee, and among the entries for the race were fourteen English cutters, including one belonging to "Weird," an English yachtsman who once accepted one of Captain Gower's audacious challenges, but would not let his name or the name of his yacht be made public in connection with the match. The race did not come off, and Mr. "Weird's" cutter was not defeated by the *Gleam* until it was outsailed by the American in company with a considerable fleet of English-built craft. Captain Gower won by five lengths, over a triangular course of fifteen miles, and then presented the first prize to the second boat, letting the second prize go to the craft which was third in the race. Acting apart from any yacht club, young Captain Gower has cut a conspicuous dash in English waters by his plan of getting recreation in the midst of business cares. And from this distance it looks as though the least contented of the defeated Corinthians could not accuse him of a desire to acquire money or other valuables from the English yachtsmen while taking his amusement.

The Philadelphia *Record* tells of an episode of the extorting of voluntary subscriptions for political purposes from the post-office employés in that city. A letter came addressed to "Miss Sallie Binns, Post-office, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania." The clerk held up the envelope, and wondered who Sallie Binns could be. The Deputy Postmaster could throw no light on the question, nor could the Postal Inspector. Then the Deputy Postmaster went into the main room, and called out, "Who knows Sallie Binns?"

"Sallie Binns," replied one of the colored men employed about the building, "am one ob de cats in de cellar."

"One of the cats?"

"Yes, sir; she am de black and white tabby."

The letter was opened, and found to be a circular from Mr. Jay Hubbell's committee, informing the black and white tabby that the committee believed she would esteem it both a duty and a pleasure to make to its fund a contribution of not less than two per cent. of her salary. It came out that some wag in the office had forwarded to Washington a complaint that while all the other employés had been assessed, a dozen or so had been overlooked, and he took the liberty of sending on their names. The complaint had met with an immediate response. Among those that were assessed with Sallie Binns were Tabitha Yard, Thomas Fentz, G. Arden Wall, Sarah Nader, and Kate Erwaul.

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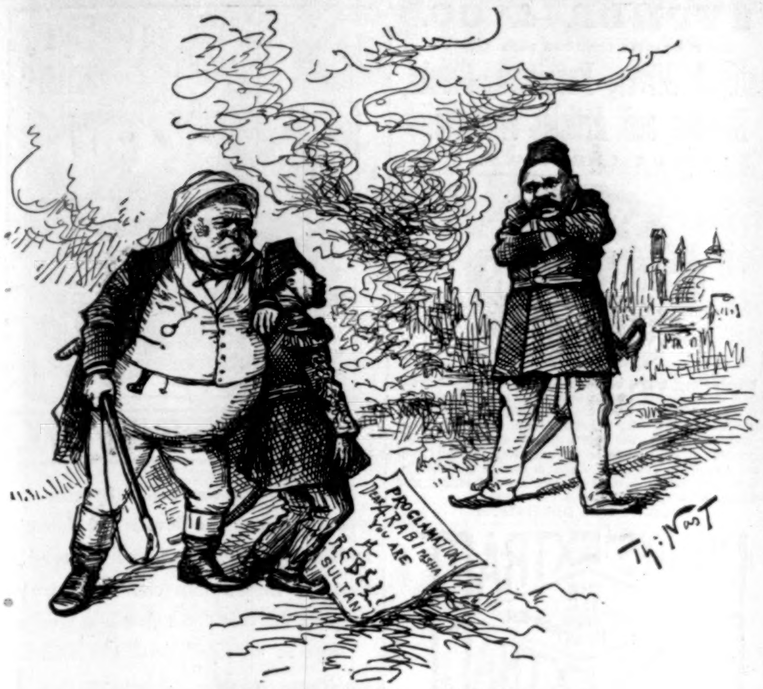

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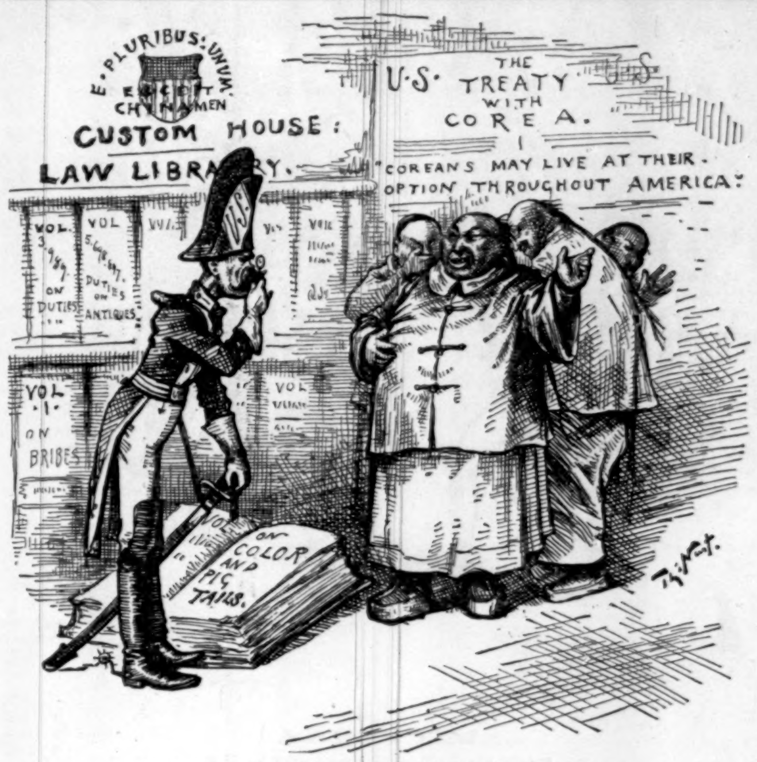
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